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A
V I S I T
TO THE
BANKS OF JORDAN.

A
V I S I T
TO THE
BANKS OF JORDAN:

DESIGNED

for Children and Young Persons ;

SHEWING

HOW THEY MAY PASS OVER "ON DRY GROUND."

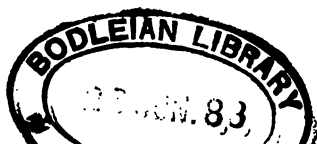
BY

The Editor of "The Parting Gift," &c.

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I N D E X.

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ld
Fear of Death removed

INTRODUCTION.

IT will be obvious that the following pages are designed to attract the attention of children and young persons, to the subject of that change which is appointed to all, and may happen early in life.

That it is desirable to lead the youthful mind to serious thoughts of the necessity of preparation for death, will scarcely be denied ; and it must be allowed, that the manner of presenting the subject, so as to give it due weight, is a point of considerable importance.

There are two states of feeling to which the human heart in every stage of life is

broods, and finds no rest from its

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: exercises of mind which many ha
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have been shed in secret, when

the end of their journey in safety, and have passed without dismay the swellings of Jordan. How pleasing to receive the record of their experience, to listen to their words of encouragement, and to be induced by their example, to seek the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

To accomplish this desired end, the following Memorials have been carefully selected. A few of them have previously appeared in print, but several are now for the first time published, with the consent of the friends who drew them up, at the time the circumstances occurred.

Hymns and conversations, entirely original, are also introduced, with the endeavour to render the book still more attractive to the younger class of readers.

The Editor commends the design, not so

THE
VALLEY
OF THE
SHADOW OF DEATH.

“ I will fear no evil, for thou art with me: thy rod
and thy staff they comfort me.”—PSALM. ii. 3.

O DEATH, how beautiful thy feet,
That come to bring me peace,
To bear me to my Saviour's seat
Where sin and sorrow cease !

Then mourn not thus, my dearest friends,
That I am hast'ning home,
The Saviour for your darling sends ;
And glad, O Lord ! I come.

Hast thou not watched me all the way,
To save my soul from ill ?
Thro' death's dark vale I shall not stray,
For thou art with me still !

My heart and flesh are failing fast,
But Thou, my strength, art near ;
And soon, death's latest struggle past,
With thee I shall appear !

A

BRIEF MEMORIAL

OF

EDITH ———.

B

A

BRIEF MEMORIAL,

&c.

"Is it well with the child? and she answered, *It is well.*"—2 KINGS, iv. 26.

"The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."—MATT. ix. 24.

OUR dear Edith was from her infancy a frail and delicate creature, and therefore the almost constant companion of her parents. Her gentle manners, her affectionate and confiding temper, and her uniform cheerfulness, endeared her to us all, and she was indeed the family darling. Owing to frequent indisposition, and a feeble memory, she did not make any rapid progress in the usual branches

the effects of the deluge and the destruction of the human race, except Noah's family, she looked up with an expression of great earnestness and dissatisfaction. She said, "What! *all* drowned, dear aunt, and *babies* too? What had they done?—had they not sinned?" Nor was her mind at that kind and patient instructress. She explained to the young objector, that the "*babies*" were far more happy in the ark than they could have been on earth.

She was also, while very young, devoted to her artless way, to practice

little errand in the evening hour, she would pause on the outside of the door, and question herself thus:—"Have I been good or naughty to-day?" If conscience gave an unfavourable reply, she would say, "Oh, I am afraid God is angry with me now; perhaps He will not take care of me;" and then, with a hurried step and beating heart, she performed the unwelcome task. But if she could say, "I think I have been a good child to-day," she would add, "then no harm will come to me; God watches over me, to take care of me;" and with a composed and cheerful mind, and tranquil pace, she went on her solitary errand, trusting in her heavenly Guardian.

Such were the early dawns of that faith and hope, which ultimately taught her to "fear no evil," even while she "walked through the valley of the shadow of death."

The habits of seclusion in which she was trained, in consequence of her frequent ill-health, did not prove unfavourable, either to her mental improvement or happiness: she

read and reflected, she gained much general knowledge; and there is good reason to hope that she studied the word of God and religious books, with seriousness and self-application, joined with prayer.

She was fond of sacred poetry; and in her chosen hymns and favourite poems, it was remarked that there was almost always some allusion to the frailty of life, to sickness, and death, or to the glories of the heavenly world.

These indications of early piety were, however, in her own opinion at least, very dubious and unsatisfactory; at best very transient, and mixed with much of the levity and sinful inconsistency of childhood.

But about three years before her death, she was deeply, and as she seemed to think, permanently impressed with the awful realities of the eternal world, as they were unfolded to her in the eloquent and touching language of a minister, whom she heard on the subject of death and judgment.

From that time she began seriously to in-


quire, "What must I do to be saved?" and to examine herself whether in her affections and desires, her temper and conduct, she bore any marks of being a child of God. The result of these inquiries was, for a long time, doubtful and discouraging to herself; yet she was enabled to persevere, and though it was long before the Sun of Righteousness arose upon her, with healing in his wings, yet she watched steadily and thankfully the dawnings of that heavenly light in which she desired to walk and to rejoice.

These interesting and salutary impressions were deepened by an event which, while it filled our hearts with sorrow, served to illustrate the beauty and value of those principles and that faith which our dear Edith was so anxious to possess—the sudden illness and death of that kind aunt, who for many years had made the education, especially the *religious* education, of this dear child and her sisters, the object of her patient, unwearied exertions, and her unceasing prayers.

It was the privilege of our beloved Edith

to wait upon her dying aunt, and to minister to her departing spirit the latest consolation it received from the word of God, by reading to her a sweet selection of Scripture promises, on the subject of sanctified afflictions.

This scene of death was divested of all its terrors; the faith and hope of the Christian triumphed over the pangs of mortality; and all who witnessed it testified in their hearts, "It is good to be here." The remains of the departed saint bore no traces of sorrow or pain; truly she had "fallen asleep in Jesus;" and day after day, while they were yet with us, Edith would steal into the room with her Bible or her hymn-book, and take her seat by the coffin to read and meditate. Animated and guided by the example of this dear relative, she had engaged for some time, with great interest and steadiness, whenever her health permitted, in the duties of a Bible collector, a sabbath-school teacher, and sometimes a tract distributor: indeed, she loved to visit the poor and the afflicted, and in her



modest, unobtrusive way, to furnish comfort and assistance.

But all the various sentiments and exercises of her mind, were not fully understood by any one, till she explained them to her mother, when on the near approach of death she opened to her the secrets of her whole heart; but she communicated them in some degree to a young friend and relative, in the autumn of 1829. With her she enjoyed an intercourse of some weeks, and afterwards kept up a correspondence chiefly of a religious kind: also, in her letters to a younger sister at school, there are some marked allusions to these important concerns, and an earnest recommendation of the duty of private and fervent prayer to God for his guidance and blessing; acknowledging, with contrition, that from false shame she had herself too often *seemed* to neglect this duty, even when she had secretly lifted up her heart to God.

From this time she became a more diligent Bible student: she read Dwight's Theology,

Such was the state of her mind, the 1st of February, 1830, it please visit her with the first alarming symptom that disease, which finally summoned her beloved and promising child from the domestic circle where she was so fondly cherished to that happier home where doubts and fears are unknown, where sin cannot enter, where she will dwell for ever in the arms of her heavenly Father. For some of her bodily sufferings were so acute, and required such constant attendance, that there was little opportunity for conversation.

her fears and hopes. She was aware of her danger, and spoke of the uncertainty of her recovery with calmness; but she desired to live, and doubts as to her spiritual state harassed her mind.

In answer to some inquiries on this subject, she referred me to a hymn of Newton's, beginning,

: " 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no,
Am I His, or am I not ?"

and said, "That hymn contains my present experience. I *wish* to be a Christian indeed, but I have many doubts. I *hope* I pray to God to teach me, and give me faith in my Saviour. I think I can say, I submit to His will in this severe illness, and put my trust in Him. I have no hope but from Him." She was obliged to submit repeatedly to the application of leeches, a remedy which greatly fatigued and distressed her; but on these occasions, as indeed in every other trial and

not be the case if she trusted strength. The last time leeches she bore the exertion with cheer and when I remarked this to her with great earnestness and mother think, mamma, it was because God to support me, and He *has* me to bear it." Soon after, when taken some medicine, she remarked " I often think of that verse,

' When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay
'Tis sweet to look beyond the grave

thoughts to pray : she answered meekly, “ I *hope* I do ; but I so soon get drowsy.”

She was much interested in a little work, written in the quaint but heart-searching manner of the old divines, entitled, “ New-come’s Help to the right Improvement of Sickness ;” and one day, when I laid it down to read an article on a more general subject, she looked up, and smiling said : “ I like some of the good *old-fashioned* book better, dear mamma.”

At this time she begged me to read to her repeatedly the 23rd Psalm, and expressed much comfort from applying the consolations and supports of David to herself ; but as no notes were taken at that period of her illness of what passed in conversation, many sweet remarks and indications that she was daily “ growing in grace,” have not been preserved so accurately as to be given here, though the remembrance of them is most precious to those who heard them.

Thus she passed eight weeks of severe and constant suffering ; but *He*, the good Shep-

to wait upon her dying aunt, and to minister to her departing spirit the latest consolation it received from the word of God, by reading to her a sweet selection of Scripture promises, on the subject of sanctified afflictions.

This scene of death was divested of all its terrors; the faith and hope of the Christian triumphed over the pangs of mortality; and all who witnessed it testified in their hearts, "It is good to be here." The remains of the departed saint bore no traces of sorrow or pain; truly she had "fallen asleep in Jesus;" and day after day, while they were yet with us, Edith would steal into the room with her Bible or her hymn-book, and take her seat by the coffin to read and meditate. Animated and guided by the example of this dear relative, she had engaged for some time, with great interest and steadiness, whenever her health permitted, in the duties of a Bible collector, a sabbath-school teacher, and sometimes a tract distributor: indeed, she loved to visit the poor and the afflicted, and in her

She was able to beguile some of the weary hours with reading; and her Bible and hymn-book were always at her side. She could also, at times, listen to reading and conversation. I read to her daily such portions of the Psalms, and of Isaiah, &c., as seemed most suited to her views and feelings; and we also went through the Gospel and Epistles of John, the Epistle to the Hebrews, part of that to the Romans, part of the Book of Revelations, and many other passages of the New Testament; the dear child listening with much interest, and often interrupting me with her own simple and affecting comments, and applications of the sacred truths, to which she looked for counsel and support in this time of trial.

On the 27th of May she completed her fifteenth year: on that day she received several little birth-day gifts with cheerful and affectionate interest; and the improvement in her appearance, and her renewed animation, almost tempted us to hope that she might yet spend a few more fleeting years

with us on earth. If she herself shared this hope with us, it was however with a strong persuasion of the delusive nature of her malady: she felt that her life was suspended on a thread, and therefore, when a short time afterwards, her eldest sister placed her Album before her, and requested her to write a few words in it, with a trembling hand, but with perfect serenity of countenance and manner, she inscribed these too prophetic words:—

“ ‘We all do fade as a leaf.’—*Isaiah*, lxiv. 6.

“ ‘There is but a step between me and death.’
—1 *Sam.* xx. 3.

“ EDITH ———.”

I observed to her, that these texts implied that she was aware of her continued danger.

“ Yes, mamma: when I write in dear John’s Album, perhaps I may write something about my *hopes*.” But this proved to be the last effort of her pen; increasing weakness prevented her from thus gratifying her beloved brother’s wishes, though she was permitted to testify to us, with many precious words,

the nature and extent of that "good hope through grace," which cheered her dying hours, and made her more than conqueror, through Him that loved her, and gave Himself for her.

The insidious disease which had so long preyed upon her, now made a more rapid progress towards its fatal termination. Day by day the feeble powers of nature failed: she faded before us; and though we could scarcely say *why* it was so, yet we felt that this precious treasure was about to be recalled. I have reason to think that she was sensible of this change herself, though for some time she only alluded to it indirectly.

Two Sundays before her death, she took up the Memoir of Mrs. John Bickersteth, and read in it some time. I enquired if she had been looking at the account of Mrs. B.'s last hours. She replied, "No, mamma; I have been reading some of the extracts from letters of condolence sent to Mr. B. after her death. Do *you* read them, dear mamma; they are *very* interesting, and *so* consoling!"

On Monday and Tuesday, the 19th and 20th of July, she appeared to sink more than usual; but made no complaint of increased indisposition, till in the evening of Tuesday, when I offered her some wine and water, as she appeared very languid. She said, "I should like it, but I am afraid of it. I have more inflammation : it is very painful."

She looked earnestly, and I thought, mournfully, at me. I asked her if there were anything that distressed her mind, and encouraged her to speak freely to me. A few tears fell, as she meekly replied, "No, mamma, I do not expect to live; I have not for some time past : some weeks ago I did begin to think I might recover; did not you, mamma? Even Mr. B. and Mr. C. seemed to think so, and I was pleased with the hope; but I am much weaker now."

"Are you alarmed, my dear, at the prospect of death? I hope your trust in God, and dependence on the Saviour are the same."

"Yes, I hope so; but my mind is often

confused : I cannot pray as I ought to do—as I wish.”

“ My dear, the humblest prayer you can make, and the finest and noblest ever offered, can be made acceptable only in one way—*through Christ*, by whom we have access by one Spirit unto the Father.”

“ I know it : that is a comfort ; and I can always say, ‘ God be merciful to me a sinner ! ’ and *that* suits me.”

I reminded her of, ‘ Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.’

“ Yes, that is a prayer I often repeat : I hope I am trusting in Christ.”

When in much pain, she afterwards added, “ I am so afraid I should become impatient, if those sad pains return.”

“ God will give you patience, my child, if you ask Him for it.”

“ Yes, I know God *can* give me patience, and I think He *has*. I hope I have never felt very impatient, and it must have been His help that kept me from it.”

● The next day, (Wednesday,) with a cheer-

but *I am sure there is no other way.*"

I repeated to her, "He will not be bruised reed," &c. She replied, "A sweet text! that is my comfort!"

We then spoke of heaven, of its and happiness, the presence of C peculiar privilege and glory; she "Ah, what a happy state! to th Jesus is there in His *human* as well nature, like one of *us*. I have often think of that:—

‘ Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains.’

And how many dear friends I s
thou! and dear aunt Sarah! I an

Seeing me weep, she said, "Mamma, 'do not grieve so; you see I do not: I am *very* comfortable. I wish we had talked together much more all these months as we have done now; but there have been so many interruptions, so much bustle around us."

I said, "You do not then regret the world you are leaving. I can assure you, my Edith, from my own experience, the longer you had lived, the more you would have found it to be indeed a life of care and sin."

"Yes, mamma, even *I* have found it so already: heaven is *far better*. I have been always a sickly child, and forced to submit to many little privations and disappointments; but I do not in the least regret it: I have found it has been good for me to bear the yoke in my youth."

After her father and myself had been assisting her, she exclaimed, "What friends! what kindness! I do indeed abound in mercies: I hope I desire to be thankful to God!"

A BRIEF MEMORIAL

At intervals I read to her some of her favourite hymns :—

“ When languor and disease invade,” &c.

“ There is a fountain,” &c.

“ Rock of ages, cleft for me,” &c.

“ We’ve no abiding city here,” &c.

“ God of my life, to Thee I call,” &c.

“ There is a land of pure delight,” &c.

With many more.

Speaking again of the benefit of afflictions,

she said, “ There are two verses of a poem,

Miss ——, which are very suitable to my

state, and describe my thoughts;” and she

Soon after, she repeated a poem, entitled,
“ Not lost, but gone before;” beginning—

“ Say, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan’s shore ?” &c.

With a sweet smile, she added, “ *That* poem is for *you*, dear mamma.”

Some time afterwards she took my hand, and with great tenderness she said, “ Do not grieve for me, dear mamma, when I am gone; walk out with dear papa, alone in the evening at first; perhaps I shall still be with you; perhaps I shall be your guardian angel.”

She then spoke of Mr. C —; (the minister whom she attended;) of his having been with us when her aunt died; of his sympathy when her brother Frederick was taken from us; and added: “ If you see no objection, I should like to have a funeral sermon preached for me, as Mr. C — did for dear Frederick; perhaps it might do good—the children of the Sunday school were much impressed then. Tell Mr. C —, that if he approves of

it, I should like the text to be, 'It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;' and if he thinks it not improper, I should like a short address to the Sunday scholars, from 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

Seeing us in tears, she looked wistfully at us all; and when left alone with me, she said, "I fear this event will hurt poor John's health;" (her brother being at that time in a very delicate state.) "When it is over, send him back again into the country, and remind him that *I am happy*." The tears filled her eyes, as she added, "I cannot help feeling at parting with you all. God will not be angry with me for this, I trust."

Thursday morning. After severe sickness and fainting, she looked earnestly at me, and said, "Now, dear mamma, I hope you do not wish to keep me." I answered, "No, not an hour. I have a good hope for you, my Edith; but the way is dark and weary." Quickly, and with great emphasis, she replied, "*No, it is not*; for though I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil. *He* is with me; *His* rod, and *His* staff, they comfort me; and *I find it is so.*" Then said I, "Your mind is easy." "Yes, quite happy. I hoped I should have been gone before now; but I wish to wait God's time. I shall be glad to go when it is His will."

In the course of this day, she desired me to return her particular thanks for many proofs of kindness shown her by friends in the town and neighbourhood, some of whom she mentioned by name; and then told me of several little bequests, which she selected with singular delicacy and propriety, for the different friends whom she named; and then added, "Mr. B——," (her medical attendant,) "has been very kind and attentive to me. Do you think he would be offended if you bought a small Bible with my pocket-money, and gave him from me? Perhaps he may read it sometimes; and if only a chapter or two, who knows but it may be made of use to

him? Let it have a clasp, that he may be able to carry it in his pocket."

During this day, she asked to see each of her brothers and sisters alone; and giving them all a parting memento, she added a few words of affectionate counsel or kindness to each.

To her brother, on his saying, "God bless you, my dearest Edith," she replied, "He *has* blessed me, dear John." On his asking if she had any severe pain, she answered, "Yes, I am all over pain; and I only wish that it may soon be over." He then said, "that he should wish to hear from her own lips, what was the state of her mind:" she said, with an expressive pressure of his hand, "*I am very happy*;" and added, "Papa says, he has *quite* given me up to God, and only hoped I should live to see you once more: but dear mamma cannot give me up so, and cries a great deal, which makes me more uncomfortable than any thing else." She then said, that she had not written any thing in his Album; and added, "it was because I

‘did not feel able, and not from disinclination.’ After some little pause, she rejoined, “Mamma and I consulted together, and we thought that you would like this little Bible.” She then put into his hands, with a farewell kiss, a small Bible, which had been given her by her mother two months before, on her birthday; and added, “May God enable you, dear John, *so* to read it that you may learn to die comfortably, as I hope to do, and with ‘a good hope through grace!’”

When Fanny took leave of her, she said, “Read your Bible, dear Fanny, and pray to God, and then we shall meet again. Be kind to mamma, and comfort her as much as you can. Do not cry; I shall be happier in heaven than I am here. Forgive me if I have ever been cross to you.”

To two little sisters, she said, “I am going to die and leave you; when I am dead, mamma will grieve for me. The best way to comfort her, will be to try and be good girls; you cannot be *good* without praying to God to make you so: do not forget this.”

To me she said, "Dear mamma,
try to take Job's words for your o
Lord gave, and the Lord hath tal
blessed be the name of the Lord.
plied, "I bless God, who enables
to speak such words of comfort
"No," she rejoined, "I should b
comforter indeed ; they are God's w
know." Again, taking my hand, 's
"Remember, my dear mamma, h
you have repeated,

" ' The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
-- -

hastily to her brother and sister, who were standing near the bed, begging them to go further from her, she anxiously sent an apology to them, and said to her parents, "Pray for me, that if I am prepared, it may please God soon to take me."

On this day she took leave of Mr. B — ; thanked him for all his attention, and told him she wished to make him a farewell gift.

She said to me, "Let there be no unnecessary expense about my funeral; I should prefer it to be like aunt Sarah's, and a plain neat coffin like her's."

When alone with her eldest sister, she said, "I am going to make rather a fanciful request, dear; but I should like you, when I am gone, to ask Mrs. — for some flowers to put in my coffin; and I should like a rosebud, a heart's-ease, and some little simple white flower to put in my hand."

Thus was this young and timid disciple enabled, through the power of Him who suffered death Himself, that it might

be made a conquered enemy to all His followers, to contemplate the gloom of the grave, and all its most appalling circumstances, with undisturbed serenity; and even, by anticipation, to strew flowers over its dark and dreary domain!

Early on Saturday morning, about two o'clock, after a period of much pain and restlessness, she begged to take an opium pill: taking it in her hand, she very distinctly and solemnly said, looking upwards, "I pray God to bless this medicine to me!" then turning to us, she added, "and now perhaps I may never wake again. Thank you all, dear friends; I wish you all good bye: you must thank all who have been so kind to me; I trust we shall meet again in Heaven!"

After an interval of more composure, about eight o'clock in the morning, she enquired what the hour was, and being told, she remarked, "It is drawing near the hour when aunt Sarah died. Oh, that I might, if it be God's will, be dismissed when she was! I hope I shall be kept from impatience; but this poor

body has not a spot that a feather would not hurt: yet I know mine are *light* afflictions, and when compared to what my Saviour suffered for me, not to be named."

Soon after this, being left alone with Mr. B——, she gave him the Bible which had been procured for him, saying, "I hope you will read it—*promise me* that you will; but that is not enough, you must pray to God that you may *understand it*: I wish you knew what a comfort it is to me." Mr. B—— said, "Yes, my dear girl; but you are so innocent." "Oh, no! I am a sinner—I feel myself so." "Yes," he replied, "but not such a one as I have been, who have lived so much longer." She rejoined, "Not perhaps in the same way, but we must both come to the *same Saviour* to pardon us. You know, dear sir, you have been several times at the point of death, *and you must come to this at last.*"

After Mr. B—— had left her, and I returned to her alone, she said, "I have been speaking to Mr. B——;" (repeating what she

had said;) "I pray God it may do him good: we must pray for him, dear mamma; and will you write, on the blank leaf of that Bible, some suitable texts, such as may lead him to the Saviour."

About noon on that day, she again talked with some ease; spoke of John, of his sickly health, and of her fears that his sorrow might hurt him; exclaiming, "Dear boy! how I love him!"

She then referred to the rest of her family, saying, "I hope my death will be of use to my dear brothers and sisters. I am afraid that dear —— and —— do not think of these things as they ought:—try, dear mamma, to persuade them."

Soon after, she added, "Tell Mr. C——, if I had lived, it was my wish to have joined his church, if he had thought it right: it would perhaps have kept me from temptation. I think he would like to know this."

One of her friends having expressed how little can be done to assist and relieve a dying sufferer; that little remained but to *pray*

for them, she replied, "Thank you for praying for me, it is very kind; I cannot pray much for myself now." After a pause, "It is a long struggle; but I desire to *wait*."

To her papa she said, "One thing must alleviate your grief; if I had lived, I do believe dear mamma would have spoiled me;" and went on to refer to several little incidents which she thought confirmed this idea.

All the day she had a strong impression on her mind, that the time of her departure was at hand. It was remarked, that the next, would have been her dear aunt's birth-day; she exclaimed, "Dear aunt Sarah's birth-day! I shall spend it with her in heaven! and dear mamma, when I welcome you there, what a joy!"

Towards evening, great faintness and cold perspiration coming on, she exclaimed, "These are the damps of death! it will soon be over!"

At night, when supported in her papa's arms, and when indeed 'a mortal paleness' overspread her cheeks, she raised her eyes to heaven, and whispered, "Lord Jesus, receive

my spirit!" Soon after, she again whispered, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Being somewhat recovered, she said, "I had hoped to be gone before now; but God's will be done!"

She asked her papa to repeat some texts of Scripture; and soon after said to me, "What a comfort it is to know texts. I would not but have learned my Bible Catechism for the world; what a blessing it is to me now! I am thankful I was so much with aunt Sarah in her dying illness, and that I was permitted to read to her that sweet chapter on sanctified afflictions, in Clark's Scripture Promises. I saw her die, and when I went down stairs, I *felt* her death, indeed! for till then she had always gathered us children together, and talked and prayed with us in our affliction. I loved to sit in the room with her after she was dead, and think of all she had done for us."

Hearing me say, that I would not be so selfish as to wish to prolong her stay on this bed of languishing, unless it had pleased

God to restore her to us, she exclaimed, "Oh, do not wish me back again: I was easily led astray; light and giddy companions were a great temptation to me."

At night, after much exhaustion, she laid quite still for some time; and then, with a smile, gently whispered to her papa and myself, as she looked alternately at us:

"Sweet, to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but *His*!"

On Sunday, she was very weak and much exhausted at times. While her father and myself were assisting her to move, her papa said to me, "Let her rest on you a moment." Kissing me, as she laid her head on my shoulder, she said, "Yes, I can *rest* upon mamma: what sweeter place of rest can there be on earth? at least, with such a papa and mamma as I have."

Soon after, seeing me weep, she said, "Dear mamma, do not cry; it is *I* who bear the pain, and yet I would not exchange with you."

Being very drowsy, she remarked, "I should like much to go off in my sleep; at least, if you have no objection, mamma."

Mistaking something her papa said, for "Poor dear!" she shook her head, and looking up at him, with a lovely smile, she replied, "Do not say *poor*; say *happy Edith*!"

Hearing him regret that two of her sisters had not risen earlier, she said to him, "Tell them that if they cannot rise earlier, they cannot have time to read their Bibles night and morning, as I begged them to do."

After much fainting, she exclaimed, "Oh, what shall I do? I never felt thus before!" I said, "May God support you, my precious child!" She instantly replied, "*He can, He does*: I am sure I could not bear this, if He did not."

Towards evening, having found that Mr. — had made repeated enquires after her, and expressed much genuine feeling for her afflicted relations, and referring to an offer he had made her papa of *his* house in town,

for her use, if she could be removed for London advice, she said, "How very kind! Perhaps it would not be improper, when I am gone, for papa to thank him in my name; and especially for his goodness about the house in London."

In the night, after having been turned in her bed, she observed to me, "I sink down in my bed now so soon after I have been raised." I told her this was one sign of increasing debility. After a pause, during which it was evident her thoughts had risen from the bed of death, on which she reclined, to the world of holy and heavenly blessedness in prospect, she sweetly said, with much emphasis:

*"Then, when I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high!"*

On Monday her weakness and drowsiness increasing, but little was said; but she retained her senses, and a sweet consciousness of a reconciled God, and the presence of a sympathizing Saviour.

for your sakes : you are all so ve

I expressed regret that she sw
so much difficulty : she shook he
said, " I wish I could swallow, fo
mamma."

Being again asked, if her mi
serene, and her trust in the Saviou
she cheerfully answered, "*I am q*
It was remarked, that her feet
cold: she said, smiling, " Yes,
cold as death, I think." And wh
that a drinking-glass, which she
red to use throughout her illness,
heavy for her hand, she meekly
" Ah ! but death is very differe

tortured by an accusing conscience, and a sense of unpardoned sin. It was likewise remarked to her, that an almighty Saviour was needed by all. She assented, by saying, with earnestness, "Oh, yes! I know that."

Nor did her tender regard for her mourning relatives, nor her delight in the charms of nature cease, till all external objects were lost to her in the dim shadows of approaching death. A few beautiful flowers were placed on her bed: with a trembling hand she took them, and expressed pleasure in their scent and colours. Her papa said, "I hope, my darling, you will soon be a never-fading flower in the paradise of God." She replied, "I hope I shall."

Seeing her sister bring me some refreshment, she said, "Ah, that is right; thank you, dear E——: take care of dear mamma when I am gone."

After this time it became a painful effort for her to speak; but her comfort, derived from the Gospel, appeared to be unbroken and cheerful. She entered "the dark valley,"

with steady feet, leaning on the Rock of Ages; and when asked, if her mind continued peaceful, and her trust in Christ unwavering, she always answered, "Yes," or expressed it by a significant movement of the head.

The last conflict was long and severe; yet amidst the suspense and anguish of these protracted hours, her afflicted friends felt, that neither the dying child nor those who wept over her, were forsaken: they stood indeed by the bedside of the unconscious sufferer; hopeless, as to her recovery; helpless, as to her relief: but for *her* the everlasting arms were spread, and for *them* the hope full of immortality shed its radiance through the gloom. She was in the agonies of death, enduring the penalty of sin; but death and sin were vanquished enemies, and this was their final hour. A covenant God, ever faithful to His promises, sustained her; the good Shepherd, He who had fed and guided the tender lamb hitherto, was even now gathering her in His arms, and about to shelter her

for ever in His heavenly fold. We strove to wait with submission, till her appointed hour should come, and till all the will of God concerning her should be accomplished.

We listened with thankful hearts to the last sigh, and rejoiced in the sweet persuasion, that while we closed the eyes of the forsaken, yet precious clay, the spirit of our "happy Edith" was already before the throne of God, and in the presence of that glorified Saviour whom, while yet unseen, she had loved; and in whom she believed and trusted, even unto death.

She entered into rest at three o'clock on the morning of July 29, 1830, aged fifteen years and two months.

Her mortal remains were interred in the same vault with those of her brother F——, and of that dear aunt who had so tenderly loved her, and cherished and guided her childhood and youth.

“ O loved and mourned ! as parents ~~only~~ ~~and~~
Sleep here in Jesus—to this early tomb,
In faith and hope your kindred dust was t
For peace from God shed o'er your fading
A heavenly calm. With meek but steady
Raised to the Saviour, as the world withd
Ye owned in death, your God was good as
Blest accents ! Lord ! we would confess i
Resigned and grateful, let this record tell
That faith inscribes, tho' weeping, ' It is

LINES

TO

EDITH——, ON HER LAST BIRTH-DAY,

With the Bible referred to in the preceding pages.

A BIRTH-DAY gift ! what can I give
My Edith, that can cheer thy hours
Of languishing ; or thou receive
That will not mock thy feeble powers ?

Flowers in their freshness ? ah ! they'll fade
Ere noon, within thy feverish hand ;
Garments, by tasteful semporess made ?
Thy wardrobe needs nor robe nor band.

Jewels, to braid among thy hair ?
Trinkets, upon thy breast to shine ?
Fair ornaments, but vain as fair,
The richest treasures of the mine.

Yet will I bring them all to thee :—
Within this casket's narrow bound,
Jewel, and robe, and flower shall be,
My Edith, to thy wishes found.

“ The pearl of price ” is here enshrined,
Which he of old so gladly bought ;
That “ robe of righteousness ” you'll find,
By love divine for sinners wrought.

the worth of this celestial store ;
Most precious found when life shall
And time itself shall be no more.

May 27, 1830.

MEMORIALS

OF

LYDIA G——.

MEMORIALS,

&c.

[Extracted from a Fragment found among the Papers
of the Rev. LEIGH RICHMOND.]

THE few circumstances which are recorded, of one whose life was passed without incident and in obscurity, will naturally range themselves in order of time, as follows :—


The usual trifling and immaterial circumstance of her being named, did not pass without Christian feelings being called into exercise. Her mother said, “ I wish to call the child, Lydia;” but it was objected, “ We have no relations of that name.” The mother answered, “ I will name her after Lydia, the

seller of purple, and may the Lord bless her, and open *her* heart, as He did that of Lydia in the days of the apostles.

It is easy to trace in this apparently minute circumstance, the characters of the parent's mind. Little Lydia was offered to the Lord, in the sacrament of baptism, in faith. The promise, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring," had been often pleaded in her behalf before a throne of grace; and here, in the ordinary course of God's dealings with mankind, we may trace the first flowings forth of that purpose of mercy, which became afterwards so clearly manifest in the happy end of this child.

Lydia manifested from her infancy, what is called, "a good disposition." She was never known to utter a falsehood, or even to stoop to an equivocation. Simplicity and uprightness marked every stage of her short existence.

Her mother died in the faith of Christ, when Lydia was only seven years of age.



The child's health had long been delicate; and shortly after her mother's death, her case was submitted to a physician and a surgeon of eminence. They agreed that her disease was aneurism of the heart, for which there was no cure, but which bleeding might relieve or retard. This mode of alleviation was resorted to, but her strength was thereby reduced to the lowest point consistent with the continuance of life.

It was about this time, that "The Young Cottager" was placed in her hands. She made no remark upon it; nor was any one aware that its perusal had produced any unusual effect upon her mind. But her father, writing after her death, says, "Although she sat under an evangelical ministry, yet, until she read that inestimable little book, I believe she never felt the depravity of her own heart, nor sought its renewal by the Holy Spirit."

In the course, however, of a few months after, Mr. Richmond himself, in one of his journeys for the Jews' Society, visited New-

castle. Lydia's health at this time was in the most delicate and precarious state. Her disease rendered quietness and seclusion almost necessary to the hourly continuance of her life.

Her sisters were led to hear Mr. Richmond preach, and they mentioned his name in her hearing. Her attention was instantly aroused, and she eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, I must go and hear him!—he taught little Jane the way to Heaven, and he will teach me."

Her sister told her, that she could not permit her to think of it that evening, (Sunday,) ill as she was; but that Mr. Richmond was to preach again on the Thursday, when she might perhaps be better. "But," she added, "how will you be able to get there? You cannot walk." "Oh, dear," she answered, "but I will try, and will go by the bye-ways, and you will carry me when I cannot get on."

In the interval between Sunday and Thursday, her sister remarks, she was more careful of her health, and anxious to gain strength,

than young people usually are when expecting to join a pleasure party.

The sisters set out; and an idea may be inferred of the state of Lydia's health from the fact, that they congratulated themselves on being so happy as to reach the church after a painful struggle of an hour and a half.

"Now," said Lydia, "I must be where I can see Mr. Richmond."

In this, too, they succeeded; and the sister expected that when the service was concluded, she would contentedly return home; but to her great surprise, the poor girl's agitation increased, and she exclaimed, "I must speak to him!"

Her sister's astonishment at this desire was very great. Lydia, who was then under ten years of age, was naturally timid and bashful. She was now in a feeble state of body, inducing great nervousness: what then must have been the ardent feelings of her soul, which could break through all these obstructions, and force her to seek a conversation with one so far removed from her in age, cir-

cumstances, and education, as Mr. Richmond
“ My dear Lydia,” said the sister, “ I cannot go to speak to him ; and what would you say, if you could get to see him ? ” “ Oh I want so to talk to him ; and you must go and tell him so : I am sure he would not be displeased : I know he would not ! ”

Her earnest behaviour quite distressed her sister ; who, not daring to go into the vestry to Mr. R., followed him, with Lydia, along the street, watching for an opportunity of addressing him. When his pace quickened Lydia had to be carried, lest he should get out of sight.

He stopped to speak with some one, and on his parting with the person, Lydia begged her sister to go and speak to him. “ My dear,” she replied, “ what can I say to him ? You must speak to him yourself. ” “ Oh tell him,” said Lydia, “ I want to talk to him about what he said to little Jane ! ” Mr. R. reached his friend’s door, and entered the house. Her grief increased, and she stood opposite the house, lamenting the loss

of the opportunity, and was with difficulty persuaded to leave the spot. Her sister, on returning home, acquainted her father with her earnest desire, and her grief. He hesitated what to do; but at last, through the intervention of a kind friend, Mr. Richmond was made acquainted with the circumstance, and called upon the little girl.

* * * * *

Here we have to regret a deficiency in the history, which no pen but that of Mr. Richmond could have supplied. The conversation must have been deeply interesting; but the parties engaged in it have now both left this lower world, and we may suppose, have now enjoyed many happy and holy hours of converse in the abodes of bliss. A letter, however, remains to us, which was addressed to Lydia, on the following day.

“Durham, Nov. 1, 1817.

“My very dear child,

“As God, in His tender mercy permitted me to witness for a little while, yesterday

morning, how much your heart has been interested in the story of my ever dear child the faith, Little Jane, the young cottager wish to tell you once more, how sincerely desire that it may please our gracious Saviour to make you like unto her. If my little boy has in any way been the means of stirring in your young mind a real desire to be found in the way everlasting, surely I may be permitted to call you, in that respect, one of my little ones, and to feel for you something of a father's love and affection. Had I known your wish to have seen me sooner, I would have gladly come, and talked to you much about little Jane, and about the things that belong to your everlasting peace; as it is, I feel my heart strongly inclined to give you these few lines, as a proof of my good-will and true regard for your soul's welfare.

"Our acquaintance, my dear little girl, has been short; but, perhaps, both you and I feel as if we were indeed friends in the Lord already. May my prayers for your salvation, your support in trials, and your patience

in suffering, be answered for the sake of Him who died upon the cross to save sinners. What a Saviour is He! Oh, my child, seek Him, love Him, bless His holy name! Think of Him when you are in bodily pain, and remember how much greater were His pains. Think of Him when you want instruction; and may He be your wisdom. Think of Him when you reflect on your sins, and may He prove your righteousness. Are you afraid to come to Him? What, afraid of Him who said, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me?’ No, my dear girl, fear not: He is willing that you should come, for He is the way, the truth, and the life. He is the way to Heaven—there is none other. Oh, may you walk in that way, and find rest to save your soul therein! Little Jane and I used to talk about heaven, and hell, and Christ, and sin, and mercy, and pardoning love, till our hearts burned within us. You have read a little of our conversations, in the Annals of the Poor; but that is only a small part of what we said to one another. I often think

come acquainted with her, and can the Lord blessed her in life and Her faith, and love, and humility pattern for you; and through God kindness, I hope you will be like her things.

“ You probably may be too young unwell to write, or I would ask you and tell me something about your and feelings, and what first made you desire to be saved, and what you when you read the story of the Ytager. I would wish to know more heart, and what you think about pardon, and Jesus Christ. But this

you trust in Christ with all your heart. Remember little Jane; and in your prayers, remember likewise,

“Your affectionate friend in the Lord,

“LEGH RICHMOND.”

“Give my Christian regards to your sisters; pray with them; and may you all meet in heaven at the last, as sinners freely saved by the blood of Jesus Christ. Farewell, my dear child.”

The conversation and correspondence of Mr. Richmond was made the effectual means of conveying true peace to her soul. She was shortly after enabled to speak of her heart, as being “filled with the love of God;” and to contemplate her probable dissolution with joy and hope.

The following letters were addressed by Mr. Richmond to Lydia.

“And now, once more, my dear little Lydia, let us speak of Jesus. What a sweet name to a believer’s ear! It contains all that

a poor, weak, young sinner, like you, can want. 'His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' Comforting thought! may it comfort you, my child, and render pain, sickness, trials, welcome. Lay your heart and all its troubles upon this blessed Rock: cast your burden upon Him, and He will, (indeed, He will!) sustain you. Disease may weaken and destroy your suffering body, but it cannot injure your soul. Love Him, who loves you; never be afraid to ask Him for patience and resignation, and He will show His tender mercy to you. Pray, as well as you can; and always remember that He is praying to His Father for you:—it is this which encourages us to go to Him. Your life may probably be a short one, but then the sooner shall you be with Christ. Think of little Jane, and how God supported her; and do not doubt that He will grant you the same help. His ear is not heavy, that He cannot hear; nor His arm shortened, that He cannot save. Let me hear from you, if you can, and trust in me

as a true friend. Farewell, dear little child, and pray for me, as I do and will for you.

“Faithfully and affectionately, yours in Christ Jesus,


“LEAH RICHMOND.”

“Turvey, Aug. 6, 1818.

“My dear little child,

“I thank God for kindly permitting me to visit you and your family, when I lately travelled in the North. I love you for Jesus Christ’s sake, and wish to do you good. But this must entirely depend on God’s blessing. It is not *my* word, but *His*, that must change your heart. My visits are only the visits of a poor fellow-creature, who needs the grace of the Redeemer as much as yourself; but when Christ visits you, then there is true light and peace. Then you may cry out with young David, ‘Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?’ My child, pray to Him, read His word daily, and never be contented without seeking to understand every word,

and every sentence. Read it for faith, that you may trust your soul and body entirely upon Him. Read it for the government of the temper, that you may show forth the inward light which God gives you, by patience, kindness, gentleness, obedience to your father and sisters, and every becoming disposition of mind. You ought to consider, that your life has been spared beyond our expectation, and that every hour of it is a fresh call for love, honour, wonder, and praise to God. Read the word of God, that you may learn the value of time. Every hour should have its due occupation. Read the word, that you may know how to feel towards your dear friends. For those who love and fear God, how thankful you ought to be! They watch over your soul, and are daily praying for you. For those who do not love and fear God, how ought you to pray! Who can tell but that your prayers may be the means of bringing down blessings upon them. Most especially let your temper and behaviour towards them, show that *you* yourself fear God, and



love Jesus Christ. Example and prayer may go together in all God's children. I hope He will not leave one of your brothers and sisters, without manifesting a blessing to their soul.

“Will you write to me again, Lydia? or if your dear sister is kind enough to write for you, let every thought and every word be all your own.

“Give my Christian love to your father, brother, and sisters; and may they, and you, and I, meet at last in that happy place where Christ is in glory.

“Pray for yourself, and for your true friend in the love of God,

“LEGH RICHMOND.”

Lydia, to use the words of her sister, “continued for about three years after this, to walk in the light of the Redeemer's countenance; blessing and praising God continually.” After this period, however, the enemy was permitted, for a time, to gain a partial advantage over her. The sister already spoken of,

who could have aided and protected her step in the narrow road, was removed from her by marriage. She went to reside with another near relative, who educated young ladies in her own house. This new association with a variety of gay and worldly people, soon produced its natural effect upon Lydia's youthful and ductile mind. Her outward attention to religious duties continued unrelaxed, and her chief engagement was still in the worship and service of God; but she lost that simple and childish confidence which she had hitherto enjoyed: she was secretly unhappy because in heart she had backslidden.

But soon the Lord sent her a warning, by an increase of her disorder, which brought her, a penitent, to the feet of Jesus, where she afterwards recovered her peace of mind. At this period, Mr. Richmond, who had heard something of her state, addressed to her the following letter.

"Glasgow, June 28, 1822.

"My dear young friend,

"A report has reached me, that you a

in a very declining state of health, and that it may soon be the will of the Lord to take you hence. I am desirous of knowing what the state of your mind is, and how far the young beginnings of religion, which I witnessed in your early infancy, have at length ripened into a due preparation of heart, to meet your God in eternity. Has the blessing of the Saviour accompanied the means of grace to your soul? Can you rest your all upon Him who died to save sinners? Can you, with little Jane, the young cottager, commit yourself to God, as a faithful Creator and sure Redeemer? Have the pains of your body been sanctified to the instruction and consolation of your soul? Do you feel yourself to be a lost, undone, and helpless sinner? Can you flee to the strong One for help, and see wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption in Christ? Have you really sought the pardon of your manifold offences against God? If you cannot write me these things yourself, ask your sister to do it for you. I have often thought of

Of her own letters to Mr. Rich-
traces remain. A short note to
friend, written about this period, is
specimen we have of her train of
and experience ; but it will be seen
that she recognizes the afflicting
God, as having a second time brought
to His fold.

“ My dear Alice,

“ I received yours, for which
my most grateful thanks. My dear
sympathized with you in the dear
little Rebecca. I heard of it soon

but confusion, but in the breast of the Christian there is solid happiness. You know this very well: but I hope, my love, you feel it too. Oh, that we could cast our care upon Him that careth for us! See how He invites us to draw near, and taste that he is gracious. I have much cause to be thankful for my afflictions, for He has brought me a second time into His fold: Oh, let us not waste our youth in doing nothing for our Saviour!

“ Dear friend, if you have felt any of these things, as I trust you have, do write and tell me of the Lord’s dealings with your soul: it would so delight my heart to have a friend like you, to go hand and hand to that heavenly country. Remember, my friend, this is not our home; we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and we have a crown of glory that fadeth not away. What encouragements for young people! He has said, “They that seek me early shall find me:” then let us take up our cross daily and follow Him, who hath bought us with His own blood. But I need not say more at pre-

Her disorder began soon after such progress as gave warning proaching dissolution. In the eternity, she once expressed to apprehension, that the work in her had not been genuine ; that her religion was too much that of a Pharisee.

Her friend then put into her the words of Miss S——, whose experience resembled her own ; that she derived comfort from it ; and shortly attained a degree of composure, in the near approach to death, as to be able to say, “ I am perfectly happy, and would not exchange my situation with any one ” “ To another

intervals, however, she obtained a little relief. About three days before her death, a friend called, whom she requested to pray with her, and then to repeat one of her favourite hymns:—

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,” &c.

She appeared to dwell with delight on every word, and repeated, with great animation, the last couplet:

“That soul, tho’ all hell should endeavour to shake,
I’ll never, no never, no never forsake !”

On parting with this friend, whom she was to see no more in this life, she sent her remembrances to a little Christian society to which they both belonged, saying, “Sarah, give my love to my young Christian friends, and say to them, that I hope to be the first to hail them when they land on that happy shore to which I am now hastening.”

She grew rapidly weaker, but still retained her senses, and her peaceful serenity of mind.

On the Sunday evening, as one of her bro-

thers was weeping over her, and not expecting her to survive the night, she said, "I shall see you again in the body." Soon after, holding the hand of each brother in her own, she said, "Oh, that I could tell my mother, when we meet, that you are all coming quickly after me!" To another brother she sent this message: "Tell him, that though he may be in perfect health now, yet . . .

" ' Short is our longest day of life,
And soon the prospect ends ;
Yet, on that day's uncertain strife
Eternity depends !' "

About an hour before her death, a pious lady called to see her, and prayed with her. She was unable to converse, but her friend said, "My love, I do not wish you to speak; but if you are able, tell me, by holding up your hand, whether you are quite happy." Immediately, as with a last effort, she raised her half-dead arm as high as she could.

Shortly after, the flickering flame of life rose again; and having tasted nothing for

four-and-twenty hours, she asked for something to drink. Her sister brought it to her, when she put her arms round her neck, and said, "Now raise me up." The last struggle of nature prompted this desire; but on being moved, her agony was extreme, and she cried out, "Oh, pray that I may be suffered to go now!" Folding her hands in the attitude of prayer, she continued for about three minutes, and then said, "I want breath! hold me still! I am going now," and then sunk into her sister's arms, a corpse.

She had desired a little silver purse, being the most valuable thing of the kind she possessed, to be sent, after her death, to Mr. Richmond. She said, "He was my best friend on earth. I wish him to keep it in remembrance of me."

O TELL me not that I deceive,
If ye will not my tale believe :
For wrong in this I cannot be,
That I was blind, but now I see !

Once 'twas my lot with those to stray
Far wand'ring from the better way ;
'To idols then I bow'd the knee,
Nor could my sin or danger see.

When, lo ! a stranger stood beside,
And to my eyes His touch applied ;
And when that touch bid darkness flee
What glorious visions did I see !

The balm that had my sight restored
Seem'd from a bleeding heart to flow .

Oh ! haste with me, companions dear,
The hand that gave me sight is near ;
Haste ! to the Great Physician flee,
And sightless now, ye soon shall see !

Z.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE HAPPY DEPARTURE
OF
E—— R——,
AGED ELEVEN YEARS.

SOME ACCOUNT,

&c.

“ I love them that love me, and those that seek me early, shall find me.”—PROV. viii. 17.

THE lovely little girl whose happy departure it was our privilege to witness, fell a sacrifice to consumption; the complaint which had deprived her, at an early age, of her mother.

After a time, this tender relation was supplied by one whose amiable character and superior piety well qualified her to undertake the charge of a family of young immortals, for whose best interests she manifested an earnest concern.

Not long after her marriage with their father, Mrs. — was called to the severe trial

But at that awful season, it pleased
to open her eyes to the danger
tion, to enable her to lay hold
mises set before her, and to leave
sorrowing, not without hope.

About two years after this, then
aged fourteen, began to declare
ever, till she had given the neces-
sary proofs of a spirit renewed. No
one was entertained of the sincerity
while she testified to "all around
dear Saviour she had found." Surrounded
with gratitude, that her mind had been
impressed by the conversation of her
in-law, to whom she showed the most
affectionate attachment: and while she

and as her end approached, she would say, though not with an impatient spirit, "Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming? — Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!"

The little Eliza, though at this time very thoughtless, was struck with wonder at the state of her sister's mind; and began to imagine that there must be some reality in religion, and some necessity for becoming more acquainted with it. But these thoughts, like the morning cloud, and the early dew, soon passed away; and having a quick capacity for learning, and a peculiar relish for the objects of sight, she gave all her little heart to the world, and looked forward with pleasure to the enjoyment of future years. When little more than ten years of age, her friends perceived, with alarm, the same symptoms that preceded H——'s decline were visible in Eliza. They anxiously watched the increased brightness of her eyes, the hectic flush, and the quick short cough; those sure indications of disorder, for which, in her case, the best medical aid proved ineffectual.

A third time had the tender mother to watch the death-bed of a darling child ; whilst she prepared to yield this, her favourite charge, a willing sacrifice.

When Mrs. — saw the danger of her little girl, her first anxiety was for her soul. Could she but ascertain that her salvation was secure, she felt she could willingly resign her treasure; and that the hope of her everlasting happiness, would outweigh the sorrow she felt at parting.

It is said, " Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands; and their seed is the blessed of the Lord ;" and the truth of this promise was experienced by Mrs. — : her prayers were heard, and after having, for some weeks, endeavoured in vain to engage Eliza in serious conversation, the little girl at last, unexpectedly, said, " Mamma, I have been longing for an opportunity of telling you, what a change has lately taken place in my mind on religious subjects; but I have not, till now, had resolution to speak of it." Her mamma then anxiously inquired, what

had effected the change, which had been the object of her hopes and prayers. Eliza referred to the death of her sister H——, and said, it was the first thing that made her long to be a Christian. She said, she now prayed quite differently from what she had done; she used to long that her prayers might be over, but now she felt that she had something to pray for. Being asked what; she said, she prayed God to make her a Christian, and that it was the first wish of her heart to be so. She then pointed to the 377th hymn of Rippon's Collection, as her favourite.

“ 'Tis religion that can give
Solid pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comforts when we die.”

She asked her mother, one day, if she thought we should know each other in heaven: then spoke of dying, and said, she did not expect to recover, but had no wish to live. She then added, “ Mamma, I long to

love Jesus : and you know He said, ' They that seek me early, shall find me ;' that is my comfort : but then I know I have a wicked heart ! "

A few days after, she had more conversation with her mother, when her expressions proved the real sense she had of sin, and the necessity of redemption from it. She said, she had been sometimes afraid that God would not forgive her ; but now she had no fears, they were taken away, and that she felt she loved Jesus. Sometimes, she said, she had such sweet thoughts of Him, when she laid awake in the night. Being asked, if she had always felt so, she said, " Oh, no ! I did not like religion once, but now I do. Once, mamma, when you were talking to me, I used to like that anything should happen to interrupt you ; and particularly, one day, I looked up, and was so glad that it rained, that I might have something to say to divert your attention. " She told her mamma, that during the last half-year she was at school, she was much pleased to hear sermons, and

remembered one with particular delight, on the dying thief.

A peculiar blessing seemed to rest on one Sabbath-evening conversation, between Mrs. —— and her little girl. In the course of it, Eliza said, “I am never so happy as when you talk to me of religion. I cannot tell you how happy I am. I long to fly away! Oh, mamma, I am so glad you told me, that Dr. —— said I was not likely to recover; for I wished to know.” As her peculiar relish for the things of time and sense, and her quick perception and enjoyment of surrounding objects had often been remarked, it was a subject of surprise and gratitude to her mother, when she heard her thus express her sentiments, especially when she said, that her hope was placed on none other foundation, than that given in the word of God. With what delight did she then hear her darling say, with animation, “I think I never could love those things I used to love. I wonder how I loved them so much! Do not you think, mamma, that afflictions are sent for our good?”

For my part, I think *mine* has been blest, for I am so much more resigned than I was at the beginning of my illness. I wish," continued she, "all I love, would love God, and seek Him:" and then she expressed great anxiety for her sister and brothers, and said, "I want them to love God; it will make them so happy:—never was I so happy as I am now." Mrs. — told her, that was the reason *she* had so often spoken to her of religion. She replied, "Mamma, I often think what a mercy it was that papa married you, instead of a worldly woman; how bad it would have been for us! then we should not have been taught to love God, but we should have loved other things; and when we came to die, we should not have been so happy as I am now."

Her mamma, much affected, expressed the pleasure it gave her to receive this testimony. She said, "Oh, yes; I knew it would give you pleasure; and I have prayed to God to keep up your spirits, and He has heard me."

A few days after, a friend visited her, and had some pleasing conversation with this dear little girl, in which she expressed clearly, what was her hope of salvation. She was much pleased with her friend repeating to her the words of a young woman, lately deceased:— “Mother, I love you; but I can leave you to go to Jesus:” and Eliza, when asked, “Can *you* say so?” replied, with a sweet smile, “Yes, I *can* give her up.” She requested, one day, that her mamma would allow her to arrange her trinkets and play-things, in order to distribute them amongst her young friends and relatives: and having finished this, her mamma said, “Now, my love, you have done with the world.” She smiled, and said, “Yes, I have.” Not long after this, she grew much weaker, and was unable to say a great deal. The Bible and hymn-book, were her favourite companions; and after she was confined to her bed, they were always to be found beside her. Once, having a fainting-fit, from which they thought

she could not recover, she said, (when she revived,) that she too "had thought herself dying, and that she longed to tell her mamma how happy she was."

Sometimes she said, "I never expected to be so happy on a sick-bed as I am. When I was first taken ill, I used to long to go out, and see the trees and flowers; but now, when I hear any one admire what is beautiful, I think, what is that to the beauties of Heaven, where I am soon going!"

When speaking of her departure, she would say, "I seem to be like a little child at school—longing for the holidays, that I may go home: but I am far happier than that, for I am going home *to stay*:—I shall never return any more."

For about a month, Eliza continued so weak as to be unable to express what had previously been the subject of her conversation; but she would constantly make the same reply, when asked the state of her mind, and say, she was happy.

At length, the days of her earthly sojourn were ended ; her suffering was over ; and the welcome angel of death was sent to convey her where she beholds, for ever, the face of her Father “ who is in Heaven.”

“ WE WILL NOT WEEP FOR THEE.”

DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is—that thou art free.

And thus shall faith’s consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
Oh ! who, that saw thy parting hour,
Would wish thee here again ?

Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine.
O ! may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine.

DALE.

E X T R A C T S

FROM A SHORT

MEMOIR OF SARAH LIDBETTER,

AGED NINE YEARS AND A HALF.

EXTRACTS,

&c.

“THE beloved subject of this little memoir, (says her affectionate mother,) was, from a very early age, fond of reading the Holy Scriptures, and showed a decided preference for religious publications.

“She was of a very unassuming, diffident turn of mind; yet, from occasional remarks made to me when alone, I soon found that her understanding was good, and that she was a child of quick perception and matured judgment. She much enjoyed our religious meetings, and spoke of having received comfort and instruction in attending them, even when held in silence.*

* Her parents were members of the Society of Friends.

“She was fond of retirement, and early experienced the comfort and advantage of secret prayer. She was obedient, obliging, and affectionate to her parents, and orderly in her behaviour; and although a child of few words, she was beloved and respected by all who knew her, and was held up as an example to others of the same age. Her affectionate attentions to our other children, her tender manner of pleading with them, and reproving them when naughty, was truly instructive; her usual expression was, ‘Thou wilt displease thy heavenly Father.’ She was, in fact, a little mother to them; her conduct, more than words, evincing a mind guided and supported by Divine help and direction; and that the love and goodness of her heavenly Father were shed abroad in her heart.

“I never remember her to have needed correction; but when, at any time, she detected herself in error, her sorrow was such as to require all the consolation that I could give.

“From the age of seven years, it was her daily practice to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures to the other children; endeavouring to impress it on their minds, by asking them questions upon what they had heard. This she continued till about two months before her decease, having them round her bed; and when too weak to read herself, exhorting them to continue in the practice.

“That she was, from early life, a child of prayer, I have no doubt; not only by remarks which she made in her illness, but from recollecting circumstances that occurred, when very young and in health, which were not taken much notice of at the time.

“When about eight years of age, she was attacked with inflammation in her side, attended with a cough, and other symptoms of a threatening nature, of which she seemed fully aware. Remarking one evening to a friend, who came to sit with her, that although she should have liked to live and help her mother, ‘Yet,’ she added, ‘if I die, I shall only go out of a wicked world, where there

are many troubles and temptations.' Her patience during this illness was remarked by all who witnessed it; and proved an alleviation and comfort to my mind, under this afflicting dispensation."

She appears, after this, to have partially regained her health, and to have been able to attend a school; where she is described as finding peculiar pleasure in the Scripture lessons, and in committing to memory hymns and chapters.

Her recovery was, however, of short duration; and in the beginning of the year 1831, she was again visited with illness of a still more painful nature; yet her anxiety to render herself useful to her mother, occasioned her to look forward with hope to being restored to health.

"This," says her mother, "caused me to feel anxious, as I wished her to be quite aware of her state; but this was removed, by her saying to me; 'Mother, which wouldst thou rather see me, in perfect health, enjoying the pleasures of this world, or afflicted

and suffering, as I now am?" I replied, 'My dear, far rather as thou now art.' She said, 'Oh, so would I!' and added, 'Mother, I have for some time wished and prayed to be resigned to die; and this evening I have been made to believe that I shall soon die; and am so happy to feel I am quite resigned to die: thou canst not think how happy it makes me. I feel so full of joy to think I am going out of this wicked world into heaven, to my Saviour. Oh, mother! it seems as if a heavenly voice said, The gates of heaven will be open to receive thee. How glad I am! How thankful I am!'

The following passage is too interesting and touching to be given, except in the very words of maternal affection.

"My precious Sarah was exceedingly affectionate and dutiful in her attentions to me; ever anxious to enter into my feelings and cares: nor could I conceal from her penetrating eyes, any trial that oppressed me; nor would she leave me at such times one minute to myself; and it was in vain to offer

her amusement of any kind, until she had discovered the cause of my uneasiness; when her counsel and advice, and her tender sympathy, even at the age of eight years, often afforded comfort and encouragement, that would, in a great measure, remove a weight from my mind, and cause me, at those seasons, to believe that all was for good. Yes, we have often mingled our tears, and I may add, our prayers together, for support on such occasions."

During the last three months of this dear child's illness, her mother speaks of having been released from other engagements, which enabled her to attend the sufferer both night and day. They frequently read the Scriptures, and books of a religious nature; but in the former she especially delighted: and about this time, she expressed much concern on account of the Jews, lamenting their want of belief in the Saviour, saying, "What should I do without a Saviour now? Oh! how much they miss! What a sad thing! Cannot something be done for them?" On

being informed, that there was a Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, she appeared satisfied.

For some weeks, her sufferings appear to have been extreme, but her patience invincible: never did a murmur escape her lips; and she said, "I never once thought my situation hard. I have not one pain too many."

At one time, having asked a relative, how near seemed the period of her departure; and being answered doubtfully, she quickly added, "Never mind how long; a crown of glory is worth waiting for."

On questioning her, one day, as to the state of her mind, she said,

" 'All gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
At other times may be,
I welcome now the heaviest grief,
Which brings me nearer Thee.' "

"This is the state of my mind at this time, mother."

She was very averse to taking any medi-

cine of a composing tendency, lest it should affect her senses, which she was earnestly desirous might be preserved to the end, whatever should be her sufferings: but it being very needful she should have a powerful anodyne at times, she gratefully acquiesced, and, (says her mother,) “would ask for it when she felt the convulsions approaching, being desirous of lessening my care and trouble, either of body or mind, on her account.”

When one of her relatives expressed the desire, that Sarah might become entirely resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, whether to live or die, and that she might feel underneath her the everlasting arms, tenderly inquiring if this were her experience, she replied doubtfully: but some time after, when she was in much pain, and appearing to partake largely of divine support, she said: “Now, dear mother, if —— was here, I could tell her that I have experienced what it is to be resigned, and to

feel, as it were, my Saviour's arms open to receive me. I am very thankful and happy."

About three weeks before her death, she had her sister, her little brother, and two orphan cousins round her bed; to each of whom she gave much suitable advice.

Addressing first the eldest, aged eight years, she said, with much earnestness: "Thomas, I am very soon going to die, and, perhaps, may not be able to speak to thee again; and although I am so ill, I am very happy indeed, for I know that I am going to my heavenly Father, among happy angels, and where I shall see my dear Saviour, whom I love, face to face. I want thee to be a good boy, that thou mayst meet me there; but thou must pray earnestly to be made a better boy. I do not remember ever to have told a story, or hurt any body; but I have often sinned; but I prayed to my heavenly Father very earnestly, and kept on till I was forgiven; so that now I have nothing to trouble me; and sometimes I am so happy that I seem as if I could sing for joy. So try to

be a good boy, and read the Bible very often, and pray to be made a good boy ; for what a sad thing it would be, to see me happy amongst holy angels, and for thee to be miserable in the wicked place, and shut away for ever."

Then looking towards her sister, with a lovely smile, she said, " Betsey, I believe I am very soon going to my heavenly Father, in such a beautiful place, among happy angels, who wear crowns upon their heads, and are always singing praises : will not that be delightful ? And there I shall be quite well, never sick any more, nor grieve any more, nor do wrong any more. When I am gone, thou wilt be the eldest, and must try to comfort our mother, and help her ; and be very good to her, and pray for her, as I used to do. See how God enables me to bear my sufferings, and how happy I am, because I know I am soon going to Him."

She also spoke, in a sweet and affectionate way, to the younger children ; and exhorted them to keep in remembrance the advice she gave them.

To her mother, she said, one day, "Dear mother, this has been a day of prayer for thee, that thou mayst be supported through all: do not grieve for me when I am taken. —I know thou wilt feel it much, but I have prayed for thee to be supported. As to myself, I seem to have nothing to do but to wait my dismissal. I think the words in my mind are, 'I am preparing a mansion for thee,' so I have no cause to be unhappy."

She much enjoyed having the Bible, and hymns read to her; and selected several passages from them, which she requested her mother to write on cards, with her love to several of her near relations, to be sealed up and delivered to them after her decease, as mementos of her regard.

One morning, when the younger children were preparing to go out, and planning their amusements for the day, some one said, "That will be a change." The poor little sufferer looked at her mother, and said, (but not with impatience,) "There is no change for me, but from one pain to another: the spasm,

the cold fit, the fever, the convulsion !" Her mother said, " No, dear, there is not indeed ;" but she quickly replied, " All will be made up in the end."

A few days after, she said, " Mother, how grieved I have felt, that I should have suffered such a murmuring word to escape me!"

Her mother said, " What word, dear? I have not heard thee murmur?" She replied, " O yes! I said, no change for me—how wrong, when I am soon to have so glorious a change !"

Some time after, when the whole length of the spine was much inflamed, she said, " Oh! my dear mother, the pain, the pain in my back is extreme; pray for me. Oh, my dear, my gracious Saviour, if it be thy holy will, take me to thyself, or give me patience to endure this suffering!" This she repeated several times, and added, " Oh, my beloved mother, if my prayer is not heard! I feel as if I could not pray. What if after all I should be turned out, and go among the wicked, what should I do? Oh, my dear

mother! there seems a doubt: do pray for me!"

On her mother saying, that she believed this to be a temptation of the enemy, who was permitted at times to tempt Christians almost to the last, she became quiet; and after a time of silence, she sweetly smiled; and soon after, in an ecstasy of joy, she exclaimed, "Oh, mother! now I can pray: how comforted I feel that I can pray! I know not how to be thankful enough for this favour. The word in me is, 'I will deliver thee from the power of the enemy, and take thee shortly into heaven.' How happy I am! I believe the worst of my sufferings are over: I feel so happy that I am able to pray."

After remaining some time in this happy state, she said, "Oh, that great enemy! I hope he will not be again suffered to tempt me; I seem to think I have gone through the worst."

One morning, her mother observing her unusually low, after a more quiet night than usual, anxiously inquired the cause. After a little reluctance, and shedding many tears,

she said, "I believe I am better, and perhaps likely to live some time longer: this is a great trial to me. Oh! pray for me, that I may get rid of such anxious thoughts; for how wrong it must be of me to feel so impatient! Oh that my faith and patience may hold out to the end!"

After this, she enjoyed some hours of calm, and smiling, said, "Mother, now I seem not to mind pain; and though sharp, I can rejoice in the midst of it; I feel so sure it will be well with me, and so comforted in thinking that every pain makes me weaker, and brings me nearer heaven."

Again she said, "Oh, my dear mother, the heavenly voice says, (for I think it is,) 'Thy day's work is done; thou hast only to wait.' Oh, how full of love I feel to my dear Saviour! I am happier now than I have ever been. He seems to say, 'I am preparing a mansion for thee.' All my will is gone; I have no will but to wait His time; *that is the best time.*"

Soon after, she said, "Mother, how I feel

for thee! the separation will be keen—very keen. I have asked —— and —— to come and see thee, and comfort thee; and I have no doubt they will do their best:—but *pray* dear mother; that is the best way: God is the best friend. I have no doubt it will be made up to thee. When ill, if thou shouldst have to feel much pain, think of me; think how every pain is made up in the joy I now feel.”

About a week before her death, she said, “I have been thinking much of the Jews, and often of the poor slaves, and the success of the Bible Society; and if I have some money, I should like a little to be given to each: it is but little I can give, but Providence can bless it.”

As she drew nearer her end, her weakness and difficulty of respiration, which almost seemed to threaten suffocation, increased her wish to be gone; and her anxious inquiry, how long it was likely she would last, was very affecting. When one of her medical attendants told her, that it was not likely she

would live through the week, Sarah said, after he had left, "Oh, mother! it felt as if my hands would clap together of themselves for joy!" Yet her desire that faith and patience should hold out to the end, was very strong; and she would often request those around, to pray that they might not fail.

In the afternoon of the day she died, she sent for her father and uncle, that she might take leave of them. She said, "I feel cold chills in my chest: are they not the chills of death?"

She then repeated:

" ' That voice, O believer ! shall cheer and protect thee,
When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom invades.' "

She then described some symptoms which she thought indicated speedy dissolution; but soon added, "I will say no more of these feelings; they make me shrink at death, which I do not wish to do."

She then seemed inclined for sleep; and dozed till within five minutes of her death. Her earnest prayer was granted, that she

might retain her senses to the last; and she was enabled to speak even with her latest breath; for when she said, that her head was uneasy, and her mother replied, "My dear, thou art just entering glory," she said, with a smile, "Am I?" and then ceased to breathe, without a struggle or a sigh.

Thus died Sarah Lidbetter, aged nine years and a half.

THE FOLLOWING

H Y M N

was selected by this dear child for her bereaved
father.*

WHEN these dark hours of earthly love
And earthly pangs are o'er,
These lips shall bless, these hands shall move,
These eyes shall look no more;

* On her mother inquiring if she had selected anything for her, she replied, with an expressive look, "All, all, my beloved mother, that I hold dear and precious, all is for thee!"

These hands, transfigured, sweep the chord
That praise the great I AM !

These hollow eyes but seem to sleep,
For, oh ! to them is given
An endless watch of bliss to keep,
For they have waked in Heaven !

A
SHORT NARRATIVE
OF THE
LAST DAYS OF A LITTLE BOY
IN HUMBLE LIFE.

A

SHORT NARRATIVE,

&c.

“ In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that.”

WILLIAM W——, the subject of this simple memoir, was born and lived in a remote parish, in the county of Cork, Ireland. His father was a day-labourer, at sixpence per day; and having several other children besides William, he could not spare any part of that pittance to promote their education.

The parish school being only open during a few of the summer months, William had attained his ninth year, without having ac-

quired the first rudiments of the English language; about which time, a family from a distant part of the country had taken up a temporary residence in the parish, and had established a Sunday-school. As the teacher's time was limited, it was considered desirable to confine the instruction to females, particularly adults: but the Lord seeth not as man seeth, neither are His thoughts as our thoughts. Almost immediately after the opening of the school, little William solicited admittance, and was rejected, upon the plea of his being a little boy who could not read, and therefore, could not be expected to derive much benefit from attending. Yet the circumstance of his being the first who voluntarily sought admittance, with some other considerations, weighed on the mind of the teacher, overcame her objections, and induced her, the evening of the same day, to go to the cottage and invite William to attend the next sabbath.

This invitation was readily accepted; and for several Sundays after, the little boy con-

tinued in regular attendance, appeared very diligent, answered any simple questions proposed to him from Scripture, and learned a hymn happily suited to the capacities of children.

As this hymn may not be generally known, and as it proved so great a blessing to the subject of this narrative, it is here transcribed at length.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature, sinful, rude, and wild :
Oh ! put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

Make me thy child, a child of God—
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee !

A star of early dawn and bright,
Shining within thy sacred light ;
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallowed ground.

William, upon the whole, was a gentle and interesting child ; but at the accustomed place became vacant at yet did not the teacher imagine "little vessel" was indeed a chosen taining an inestimable treasure, s prepared for the full enjoyment of less sabbath of everlasting rest.

The Wednesday after William from the Sunday-school, his sis upon the teacher, to say that h tremely ill in the measles ; and req to come and see him without de had much to say to her. On he the cottage she descried. (as w

and oppression of breath, much aggravated by the unwholesome atmosphere by which he was surrounded.

On recognizing the teacher, he exclaimed, "Oh, that blessed little hymn you taught me! it was by *that* God taught me I had a wicked heart. I did not know it before, though I was so bad, that I even stole sticks at ——, and told thousands of lies; but I know they are *all* forgiven me, that I am one of Christ's lambs, and that He washed me in His precious blood."

Being asked, "How can you be sure of this?" he replied, "Because it is all one as if Jesus said to me, William, you are a very wicked boy, but I *died* on the cross for you; I will forgive you, and carry you in my arms to heaven. — I thought I should be very glad to go to America next month; but I was not half so glad as I am now to go to heaven."

Being again asked, "Do you greatly love that Saviour?" he said, "That I do, better than all the love I have together, for father,

tinued, "How I *long* to be with
am afraid my poor father and m
thinking about going to America,
till Christ bid me come to Him an
ever."

This was what passed on the
interview, and was taken down by t
on her way home.

The next day, the poor little b
much worse, and the oppression v
creased that it was with great di
could speak; but on the teacher's
the room, he expressed much plea
said, "Is not the sun shining very
day?" Being answered, "Yes,"

‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;’ but it was He who came for me, and is now carrying me home.”

His speech became so inarticulate, that the teacher could not collect any more that he said; but whilst she remained, he continued apparently engaged in prayer; his hands and eyes frequently lifted up, and the latter beaming with heavenly joy.

He survived this last interview but two hours; and so extremely ignorant and dull were his family, that nothing further could be gathered from them, but that he was able to speak again, and spoke much about the Saviour. His family, soon after his death, set sail for America; and may it not be hoped, that when they are in lands far distant, he being dead, may yet speak to their souls, and prove to them, the power and reality of the truth as it is in Jesus.

SWEET babe ! art thou departing ?
Does thy slowly glazing eye,
Its glances upward darting,
Tell us that thou must die ?

Farewell then, gentle treasure,
Thou child of many prayers,
The source of tend'rest pleasure,
With scarce its balanced cares !

Yet, though thou leav'st us mourning
I would not call thee back,
Couldst thou, to earth returning,
Retrace the shining track.

Those whom we dearly cherished,
From earth so early reft,
Whose memory blooms imperished,
Whilst thought or life is left :

How sweet the blissful moments
We once with them could spend,
But fadeless *thy* enjoyments,
Beginning, ne'er to end !

And thou wilt see a dearer
Than any earthly one,
And hold communion nearer,
Than aught our souls have known.

While thy faint pulse's beating,
Seems numbering out thy sand,
And guardian angels waiting
Around thy pillow stand :

Soon at their welcome calling
Unfettered shalt thou be,
Nor death would seem appalling,
Could I but fly with thee !

Yet cease, my soul, repining,
And wait submissively ;
For soon a herald shining
Shall whisper, " Thou art free !" Z.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE HAPPY DEPARTURE
OF
HARRIET P——,
AGED ELEVEN YEARS

SOME ACCOUNT,

&c.

—“The children crying, Hosannah to the Son of David.”—**MATT. xxi. 15.**

HARRIET was taken ill about the latter end of March, 1819. She did not complain of any disease, but it was evident that her strength was declining, and medical aid was resorted to in vain.

She had been educated by pious relatives, and had constantly attended a gospel ministry in the Established Church ; but it was not till a few weeks previous to her illness, that the great truths of religion seem to have af-

fecting her heart. Nor could she for some time speak of what she thought and felt on the subject, though she loved to hear religious conversation, and entreated that she might be visited by the clergyman whose ministry she attended.

One day, whilst her aunt, (who had adopted, and was educating her,) read to her a sermon from the text, "There they crucified Him," Harriet stopped her, by saying, "How wicked the Jews were, to crucify the Lord of Glory; but yet, if He had not suffered, neither you nor I would have had any hope of salvation."

She frequently requested her aunt to speak to her of the Saviour; and asked, anxiously, "Do you think He is *my* Saviour?"

When she became worse, her mother was sent for, and being informed of it, she expressed great pleasure: "Oh! said she, I am so glad! then she will hear the gospel preached; and then she can tell dear papa and my brother, that there is but one way to heaven."

Her strength appearing for a time to return, it was thought better to try whether her native air might not revive her; and she was accordingly removed to her father's house, at the latter end of April.

On the morning of her departure, when she took leave of her beloved aunt, she was much affected: Miss L—— asked her, if she were happy? she replied, “Yes, dearest aunt; the thoughts of leaving you have been very painful; but I am convinced, as you say, that it is my duty to use all the means I can for the restoration of my health; and I *will* go, though I do not think I shall recover; but do not grieve for me, for I know my Saviour will receive me; for He has said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.’ ”

Miss L—— then requested Harriet to give her a text for herself; and she quickly replied, “The Lord is thy Shepherd, thou shalt not want.”

During the time of Harriet's illness, another little girl, then on her death-bed, excited a

SOME ACCOUNT

at interest in her mind. A friend of M——'s, who frequently visited E——, would occasionally write respecting her. Harry always asked eagerly for any intelligence, and he rejoiced greatly in the state of her mind, and used to ask, "Do you think I shall meet her in heaven?"

He bore the journey home better than was expected; but soon became much worse, and at the beginning of May, was entirely confined to her bed.

He suffered great agony, from an abscess of the liver; but would constantly say, "I

me, I am so happy : you know, dear mamma, God only *lent* me to you, and you *must* give me up : pray that you may do it willingly. Do read Genesis twenty-second, to comfort you, mamma."

A gentleman, one day coming in to see her, took the favourite little book from her pillow, and said, "Surely, my dear, you cannot understand this." She answered, "Sir, I am a poor, little, weak, ignorant child, I know; but *my* Saviour has taught me to love Him, and there I read of Him, and what He has done for me. Oh, sir! if you knew Him, you would love Him too. Do, sir, read the Bible: it says, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

Another person once said to her, "You will go to heaven; you are so good and so patient." She replied, "Oh, Mrs. L——, do not say so! I have been a poor naughty child, and shall never get to heaven by my own merits; but I *know* that Jesus Christ died for sinners, and His blood can cleanse

me; yes, and ten thousand times greater sinners, if there be such."

Some little children, who came to visit her, she exhorted affectionately, saying; " You are come to see a poor sick child : look at me, and think how strong I was once, and you too may be laid on a sick bed soon ; but will you have the same consolation ? Oh, then, do read your Bibles, and pray to be taught to seek the Lord now."

She desired that her aunt might be informed of her happy state of mind ; and said likewise: " Do thank dear Mr. —, (the clergyman,) for his kind instructions; and beg him to continue to teach little children."

So composed was her mind in the prospect of death, that she gave minute directions respecting her funeral ; and requested that her favourite hymn,

" Let worldly minds the world pursue," &c.*

should be sung by the little girls of the Sun-

* See Olney Hymns, p.

day-school, who were to precede the coffin as it was carried to the church. "And, dear mamma," she added, "when the children ask why I wished it to be sung, tell them what a Saviour I have found, that they may be led to seek Him too."

To her school-fellows she sent her dying testimony, that "Jesus was all her salvation and all her desire."

In this happy frame of mind she continued to the last; and a few moments before her departure, she said, "I am going to Jesus—to Je—sus." Here her voice faltered, and the happy spirit took its flight!

Before she was removed from her aunt's house at C——, she was one day reading the history of the Young Cottager, and being struck with the circumstance that proved the means of her conversion, she said, "Dear aunt, do you think your friend,

I should like every one to know,
Christ loves little children."

Her request was complied with
following inscription was written.

TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF
H—P—, WHO DEPARTED, M.
AGED ELEVEN YEARS.

My heart in youth to Christ I gave
And smiling viewed an opening grave

And ye, companions dear on earth,
Oh ! may you feel His matchless worth;
And while your lost estate you own,
May you His wondrous love make known.
Haste then, my happy rest to share,
And Christ shall bid you welcome there ! Z.

EXTRACTS
FROM
A N A R R A T I V E
OF THE
SUFFERINGS AND HAPPY DEPARTURE
OF A
LITTLE GIRL,
WHO WAS BURNED TO DEATH AT SOUTHAMPTON,
FEBRUARY 24, 1829.
By an Eye-Witness.

EXTRACTS,

&c.

WHAT happiness so complete and lasting, as the happiness we derive from God! He is the source of all our temporal, as well as spiritual mercies! His bounteous hand supplies our wants day by day. How delightful to seek such a kind and gracious Father in our tender years. We have every encouragement to do so, for the Lord himself says, "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me;" and, although the Lord, in the dispensations of His providence, may think fit to exercise His young children with trials of no common kind, yet in those trials, He will so manifest His favour and loving

kindness, as to enable them to bear His chastenings without a murmur, and even to kiss the rod, and the hand that smites them.

The following particulars concerning a poor girl, named Rebecca Chinnock, will serve to confirm what I have said.

This dear child was left alone one morning, to prepare her parents' dinner, the younger children being at school; and in attempting to take something from the chimney-piece, her clothes caught fire, and in a moment she was in a blaze. The poor girl endeavoured to smother the devouring flame, by snatching the counterpane from the bed, and wrapping it around her; but this failing, in her fright she ran down stairs, shrieking with terror and pain, and rushed into the street.

The clergyman of the parish happening to pass at the time, with much earnestness and humanity, tried to extinguish the flames; and he was assisted by two men who were near, one of whom took off his jacket and threw it round her, whilst the other laid her

on the pavement, and thus put out the fire; but not before her clothes were nearly consumed, and herself dreadfully burned.

A kind-hearted young woman, who lived opposite, attracted by the cries of poor Rebecca, came out, and assisted Mr. — in carrying her into the house, and conveying her to an upper room, over a stable, in which her parents lived. As soon as they had brought her in, she offered up a prayer to God; falling on her knees, and supplicating for that support of which she felt the need. Proper remedies were humanely applied by the Rev. Mr. S——, and the best medical assistance was soon obtained for her.

She passed the remainder of that day, and the following night, in great suffering. But pain of body did not make her unmindful of the interests of her soul. The workings of God's Holy Spirit were abundantly manifested in this poor girl, in the anxiety she showed about her salvation. She asked the young woman, who had shown her much

kindness and attention, if she thought should go to heaven; and added, she hoped God would forgive her her sins.

The next morning, (Wednesday,) she expressed an earnest desire that some one should come and pray by her. I was requested to see her, and was truly gratified by my visit. She appeared perfectly composed—not a tear escaped her lips; indeed, I never beheld a more serene countenance. On being asked her, if I should pray by her, she eagerly replied, “O, yes, I should like to hear a prayer.” Before I began, I asked, “How do you find yourself, my dear child?” “I am easier, much easier, thank you,” she answered. “Ah, my dear child, God is very good to you. He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.” She seemed to approve of what I said; her eyes brightened, and she answered, “O, yes, sir; I love God, and He loves me, and He takes care of me.”

When I prayed with her, she joined in fervent devotion; with clasped hands

eyes upraised to heaven, she followed me in the prayer which I offered to the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort.

Just after, a lady came in, and speaking very kindly to Rebecca, asked how she felt. She said, "She was a little easier." The lady kindly promised to supply her with all that was necessary to her comfort, and the dear child again thanked her, in a manner which showed the gratitude of her heart, and that she felt the goodness of her heavenly Father, in sending kind friends to her in this hour of trial.

As I left the room, I said to her, "God bless you, my dear ;" and with a countenance beaming with gratitude, she replied, "God bless you, sir; God bless you; thank you, sir, for coming."

Gratitude appeared so marked a feature in her character, that I must be pardoned the repetition of its exercise in poor suffering Rebecca. Reposing, as she did, in the bosom of the Good Shepherd, she was taught by His

prayer with him, and experienced consolation from his visit, expecting that he would come again. On the night of intense agony, Jesus was with her in the furnace; and the Spirit of God enabled her to look up in faith and acceptance with the Father. The angels who sat up with her, witnessed the ardent breathings of her soul in prayer. The Lord heard her in the time of trial, and strengthened her with strength for her soul.

In the morning, the servant of the Lord and neighbour went in to dress her when she was while so employed, observed

them. My sufferings are nothing; think what He suffered, who was nailed to the cross for a sinner like me!"

Understanding that she was anxious to see me again, I went early on the Thursday morning, accompanied by a friend. She seemed to be sleeping when we entered the room, and her countenance showed that all was peace within. "My dear," said a woman, who was with her, "Here is the gentleman come to see you." She expressed a wish to hear prayer, which was complied with, and I trust the Lord was with us. She repeated aloud, one or two of the petitions I was offering to the Saviour on her behalf; till, exhausted by the effort, she was obliged to cease. When I had finished, my friend went to the side of the bed, and in an affectionate manner addressed her. "Do you think," said he, "of that dear Jesus, who suffered for us, and endured so much for our sakes?" "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, with energy, "I do; I do." "Do you pray," he continued, "to this dear Saviour to pardon your sins?"

She answered, with still greater earnestness, "I do, I do, sir."

My friend was much affected with the scene. It was one that is not often witnessed, or that the servants of God are always favoured to behold.

The strong faith and confidence in God, which this dear sufferer exercised, led us to think that she had received some religious instruction before this melancholy event took place. We found that she had been at a Sunday-school, at Reading, previous to her coming to Southampton; and we were convinced, that there the word had taken root, which had now sprung up in the season of affliction, to the praise and glory of God.

While we were conversing together, the dear sufferer cried out, in great anguish of body, "Lord, have mercy upon me." I added to her petition, "Christ have mercy upon us;" and she repeated the words after me.

My friend said to her, "Ah, my dear, you will soon be with your Saviour;" and

this seemed to make a deep impression on her mind.

As we were leaving the room, I bade her farewell. "God bless you, my dear." "God bless you, my dear sir," she repeated several times.

My friend gave her his benediction. She thanked him with wonderful strength of voice, considering she was within half-an-hour of her death.

Her sufferings very much increased after we left her, but her trust in Christ remained firm and unshaken. The blessed Jesus was faithful to His word, "I will be with you;" and His presence cheered her in the painful struggle of death.

She called to the young woman, named before, who attended her with the utmost kindness, "Oh, Elizabeth, I have seen my Saviour." After a pause, she said, "My Saviour is waiting for me." Her last words, were, "Oh, my blessed Jesus; this moment, this moment."

A smile was on her face as her last breath

day of one's death is better than
one's birth."

Such was the happy and peaceful
of one of the lambs of Christ's
blessed Jesus, who had brought
through the fiery trial, bore her
the wings of love, to the realm
bliss!

On reading this account, we see
operations of the Holy Spirit upon
of Rebecca. At the commencement
sufferings her heart turned to
and although her petitions were
such as are often uttered without
their meaning, yet being used by
spirit of prayer and supplication.

that it was in love that He afflicted her, and she resigned herself to His will ; she cast her burden upon the Lord, and He sustained her.

Rebecca did not imagine that her sufferings would in the least atone for her sins : no, she looked simply to Jesus, and only to Him for salvation. The young woman who was with her, asked her the ground of her dependence ? she replied, " On my dear Redeemer alone."

Another friend inquired of her, where Jesus was ? she answered, " At the right hand of God, pleading for poor me."

The Rev. —, who conversed with her, told me he had never seen a young person exhibit more fervent devotion, a deeper sense of sin, or a more entire reliance on the blood of Christ for salvation.

Rebecca held fast her confidence to the end. Increase of suffering only made her cling more closely to Jesus by faith, and rest her all upon Him.

What a miserable condition would hers

have been, had not the foundation of her hope been laid in Christ! Such agony of body, without the comfort of religion would have been insupportable! If, like many poor ignorant persons, she had fancied that all her sufferings were to end in this world, and that the pain she endured would be a sufficient atonement for her sins, the delusion would have vanished when eternity opened to her view; and she would have been convinced too late, that nothing but the death of the Saviour can satisfy the justice of God, and obtain the pardon of sin. Oh! that we were wise, and understood this, and that now, while the long suffering of God is yet waiting, we would seek refuge in Jesus! Then, if the last enemy, Death, were to come upon us suddenly, as he did upon Rebecca, we should have Jesus for our friend!

To the young, I would say, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." The melancholy event which

happened to poor Rebecca may befall you ; for we know not what a day may bring forth. Be wise in time: "Take fast hold of instruction—let her not go ; keep her, for she is thy life."

Sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him. He will "guide you by His counsel, and afterwards receive you into glory."

HYMN.

O LORD, how mingled was thy love,
In all my deep distress !
Thou gav'st the knowledge of thy word,
That gift of sovereign grace !

Nor shall thy suffering child regret
The momentary pain,
Nor sigh to leave the passing joys
Of life's contracted span.

Enough, my soul, enough of time,
And time's uncertain things !
Farewell, that busy hive, the world,
And all its thousand stings !

And hear a voice behind me say,
That Jesus died for me !

A
L E T T E R

WRITTEN BY

A L I T T L E G I R L

TWELVE YEARS OF AGE,

TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

we, my dear —, to love Christ,
He has done for us !

“ Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak ! ”

That you may be redeemed from the
man armed, by a stronger than he ;
may love Him who is love, and “
loved you, and gave Himself for you
suffered all the pain, not only of
minious and painful death, but of
displeasure of God ; that you may
love, and trust Him as your God
earnest prayer of

— — — — —

THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

OH ! Thou who mak'st the sun to rise,
Beam on my soul, illumine mine eyes,
And guide me through this world of care !
The wand'ring atom Thou canst see,
The falling sparrow's marked by Thee ;
Then, turning Mercy's ear to me,
Listen, listen,
Listen to an Infant's prayer.

Oh ! Thou whose blood was spilt to save
Man's nature from a second grave,
To share in whose redeeming care
Woe's lowliest child is not too mean,
Oh ! Thou wilt deign from heaven to lean,
And listen, listen,
Listen to an Infant's prayer.

Oh ! Thou who wilt from monarchs part
To dwell within the contrite heart,
And build Thyself a temple there,
O'er all my dull affections move,
Fill all my soul with heavenly love,
And kindly stooping from above,
Listen, listen,
Listen to an Infant's prayer. NEELÈ.

EXTRACTS
FROM
A N A R R A T I V E,
ENTITLED
“THE BROTHER AND SISTER;
OR,
EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY,
BY THEIR
FATHER, ONE OF THE WESLEYAN MINISTERS.”

E X T R A C T S,

&c.*

“ JAMES B. JONES was born on the 17th May, 1817, at Tiverton, in the county of Devon. The birth of my dear little boy was an event of the most deep and lively interest to my parental feelings, and was associated with many tender and endearing incidents; every one of which has now acquired a tenfold interest in my memory and affections, and is stamped with indelible characters upon my heart. When the nurse, a Christian matron,

*** The Editor has taken the liberty of abridging the sentences, and simplifying the language of this interesting little publication, in order to adapt it to the perusal of children.**

THE BROTHER AND SISTER; OR,

presented the baby to my arms, I
ed him as the special gift of God ; wh
venerable saint, bestowed upon me a
child many a hearty benediction, a
ressed many a pious hope, that my d
would become a bright example of ea
ty, and grow up to be a man after Go
a heart.

In his fourth year, we began to obse
him the early sparklings of intellect, a
lively sportings of juvenile reflection ;
n at that tender age, his mother and
e often amused with his child-like qu

Supreme Being, as the Father of all mankind, and was speaking to him of God's love to little children, in supplying their wants and preserving them from accidents, and especially of His great love in 'giving His only Son, Jesus Christ, to suffer death on the cross for our redemption,' his little heart was so charmed with the subject, that he jumped upon my knees, folded his arms around my neck, and kissing me, exclaimed, 'I love you, papa, and I love God Almighty; and when I go to heaven I will kiss Him too!' At first the singularity of the thought startled me; but upon recollection I was pleased to find that there was poetical authority for it. Many of my readers will recollect,

' Like Moses, to thyself convey,
And kiss my happy soul away.'

"On another occasion, he said to me, 'Papa, what is the reason that little children, when they die, go to heaven?' The answer was, 'Because Jesus Christ died for little children; that is the reason why little

reason that little children, when told
to heaven ?'

" Heaven was a subject to which
always ready to lend his eager attention
which he associated with every
came under his observation. When
at Hayle, near St. Ives, in Cornwall,
habitation was in front of the sea.
when there was a stiff breeze and
I had James and his elder brother
upper chamber, from the window
their attention was quickly attracted
descent of a large sea-gull upon
As they were looking on, the bird
from the waves, spread his wings,

“Incidents such as these,” continues the father of this interesting child, “might be related in abundance, but they might be deemed too familiar for the public eye.” He has, however, given a few, from which we extract the following :—

“Early one Monday morning, he told his mother about his having been at church on the preceding day; and surprised us both, by the number and accuracy of his recollections. He remembered the order of the service, and several parts of the liturgy, word for word; but he was most interested in the apostles’ creed, the substance of which he repeated. At length he said, ‘Mamma, what can God Almighty do?’ the answer was, ‘He can do every thing.’ James replied, ‘What! can He do whatever He pleases?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Well then, can He make a woman out of a great stone?’ To which she replied, ‘That God made man out of the dust of the ground, and that He made the woman out of one of his ribs.’ But on my reminding them of the words, ‘For I say unto you, that God

is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham ;' he laid hold of them with great eagerness, and said, in a tone of triumph ' There now, mamma, I thought He could make a woman out of a great stone ; for the Bible says, God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.'

" His love to me," continues his father " was in the highest degree gratifying and flattering to my paternal feelings ; and his opinion of my knowledge and integrity was the most elevated that his amiable mind could possibly conceive. On one occasion I heard him saying to the other children, ' Papa never told a story in all his life ; I am sure he never did.'

" At another time, being engaged in a dispute with his brother, in which they seemed to have argued themselves into a full conviction of their ignorance on both sides, James on seeing me enter the house, said, ' Here is papa coming :—I am glad *he is* come ! we will ask him.' ' But,' said the other, ' do you think papa knows ?' ' Knows !' he replied

‘ to be sure he does ! he knows every thing : he knows better than any body except God Almighty !’

“ I never knew my dear boy to be detected in a falsehood, or an equivocation ; so that we could always depend on the truth and correctness of his statements. His memory also was so retentive and so accurate, that if his mother had an errand that required particular attention James was always the messenger. He sometimes accompanied me in my journeys into the country. As we rode home, one very dark night, in the neighbourhood of Leicester, he said, ‘ Papa, I was thinking about Mr. Wesley : how many miles he travelled to preach the gospel to sinners ! I dare say he used to be very tired sometimes, especially at night. But it is all over now ; and I am sure he is very glad that he took all that trouble to save sinners. Why, I suppose he converted hundreds and thousands, who are gone after him to heaven. Well, I wish the Lord would make me a preacher of the gospel. I should like to con-

vert sinners: I should not mind the trouble, nor travelling in the dark, if I could but convert sinners.'

"On another occasion, as we were riding over the ridge of those bold hills which lie between Sheffield and Penistone, the summit of which command an extensive view of the neighbouring country, after a long silence he said, 'Papa, can you guess what I was thinking about?' 'No, my dear.' 'I was thinking about the devil taking our Lord up to the top of an exceeding high mountain, and showing Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and I was thinking it was just such a place as this.' To this I replied, 'And do you remember, James, that one of the evangelists says, that the devil showed our Lord all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, in a moment of time?' 'Aye,' said he, 'that is a mysterious subject; it is more than I am able to comprehend.'

An interesting anecdote in proof of his generosity is thus related:—"He had amongst

his little treasures a handsome medal, which he valued highly. One day, however, while looking over his trinkets, I observed that the medal was missing, and said, 'James, what has become of your medal?' He replied, 'Well, I will tell you, papa. A little boy in our school had set his heart upon it; and one day he brought me his dinner, and several other things, and begged I would give him the medal for them. I saw that a dinner was a *great* thing to him; I had a dinner of my own at home, so I gave the medal to the boy, dinner and all.'

"I believe that he made religious duty a point of conscience when a mere infant; for on observing, one morning, that he came down from his chamber in unusual haste, I said to him, 'James, I fear you have forgotten to say your prayers.' He was greatly confused, and said, 'Yes, papa, I have: I am very sorry: I will go back again, and say my prayers.' And so saying, he returned to his chamber; but his wounded spirit was scarcely healed during that day.

prayer ; and this he did until the day of his life ; nor could we ever get him to lie down, as long as he could raise his head from his pillow.

“ During his illness, we usual our family devotions in the room he lay ; but sometimes, when he was lying in bed, we occupied another room. When he awoke, however, he always seemed to pray with him ; saying, ‘ Papa, I am not comfortable unless you pray with me.’ ”

“ James’s sister, who was about a year and a half older than he, was of a quickness of intellect, and of a very tender spirit. She was taken ill when her brother was

But she was numbered among the happy dead, who die in the Lord. She had been spending the Christmas holidays at Norton ; and during her visit, had attended the worship of the Established Church, where she heard a sermon on the ministry of angels which interested and delighted the child beyond description. It was evident to me, that this sermon had been accompanied with a divine influence on her mind ; for when she came home, her little heart was so full of the subject, that she scarcely talked of anything else but God, and angels, and heaven, and eternity. She spoke of the discourse to every person who was willing to lend her a hearing, and was never tired of the subject.

“ The clergyman himself had been by this sermon surprisingly endeared to the affections of the child. ‘ Dear Mr. —— ! Oh, papa, I wish you had heard that sermon on the innumerable company of angels ! I never heard anything so delightful in all my life. Oh ! it was so much like heaven !’

“ The following Sabbath was an exceed-

ingly cold day; and my two lovely children attended the morning service as usual; but I have reason to believe that they there took a cold from which they never recovered.

“My dear James sickened immediately; but the erysipelas did not make its appearance in him until the morning of his sister’s decease. She, dear child, was seized with inflammation of the bowels; and the progress of the disorder was so rapid, that she slipped out of our hands before we were fully aware of her danger. On the night preceding her death, she appeared to be considerably easier; so that we were deluded into a hope that she might recover. But, alas! early on the following morning, I perceived that the child’s speech was failing; and when I said to her, ‘My dear Elizabeth! my precious child, do you know you are dying? Do you know that you are going to heaven? Do you know that you are just going to join the innumerable company of angels?’ she answered me only with a smile—she could do no more. Her eyelids fell, her breathing

became shorter and shorter, and weaker and weaker; till, like a falling breeze, she expired * * * * *

“This was an unexpected and powerful stroke to us all; so that it required no common effort in us to say, ‘The will of the Lord be done.’ We had indeed every consolation in her early piety, and in the circumstances which preceded her illness and death; but the suddenness of our dear Elizabeth’s removal deprived us of those extraordinary consolations which we had during the long illness of our dear little boy, and which, we have no doubt, under similar circumstances, would have equally distinguished the sick and dying moments of his dear sister.”

The death of this sweet little girl appears to have been most deeply felt by her bereaved parents; but there was still a continued object of anxiety, which kept up their energies, and called their attention from the dead to the dying. In addition to his other complaint, James was a severe sufferer from

the erysipelas, which sealed up both his eyes, and spread over every part of his face, affecting likewise his body.

“ Under these circumstances,” says his father, “ we had the happiness of witnessing in him the unspeakable advantages of early piety. He would often express a desire to die, if it were pleasing to the Almighty ; but he never betrayed any symptoms of impatience, or any want of resignation to the will of God ; on the contrary, he would say to his mother, ‘ Is it right for me to wish to die, mamma ? because, if it were improper, I would rather suffer twelve months longer, as much as I have suffered, than displease the Almighty ; but if the Lord pleases, I should like to die.’ ”

“ Our dear little boy, against all our expectations, got the better, at length, of the erysipelas ; but the disorder had so completely broken up his constitution that he fell into a decline, which, in the course of a few months, brought all his sufferings to a close.

“ During the progress of his disorder, there were frequent changes in his symptoms; sometimes we were flattered with the hopes of his speedy recovery; at other times he seemed sinking rapidly; but through it all, we had the pleasure of witnessing in him a growing preparation for heaven, and a brightening prospect of eternal glory. He never showed any alarm in the prospect of death; nor did he ever seem to view the subject in any other light, than as being ‘ absent from the body and present with the Lord.’ He would often request me to come and sit by his bedside, and talk about God and heaven; and if I flagged in my discourse, he would say, ‘Tell me something more, papa; I am never tired of hearing of heaven.’ Once, being in great pain, which caused his dear mamma great anxiety, she said, ‘ Are you happy, my dear boy?’ To which he replied, ‘ O yes, mamma; and I was just thinking, that if a father would not afflict his child willingly, I am sure the Lord would not wil-

lingly afflict me. I know it is all for my good.'

"He was exceedingly tender of his mother's feelings; and often looked forward to what might be the effect of his departure, by suggesting the most seasonable consolations.

"One day he said to her, 'Mamma, I was thinking about my clothes. I have observed how much you have been affected at seeing anything which belonged to my dear sister. Now, when I am dead, you must not grieve at seeing my clothes; for you must think at the same time, how much better I shall be clothed in heaven.'

"He seemed very sensible, during our repeated and painful afflictions, how greatly his mother was indebted to divine support; for while she was attending upon him, he would say, 'Mamma, I often look at you, and wonder at you: formerly, when any one of us was only a little poorly, you looked so pale, and could scarcely eat your dinner;

but now, when you have lost my dear sister, and little Henry too, and though I am so ill, yet you seem quite different from what you used to be. I am sure the Lord is very kind to you, or you could not bear it as you do.’”

He had frequently to take the most nauseous medicine ; and on one occasion, when his mother's resolution seemed to fail, in administering it to him, she said, “ I really cannot ask him to take any more.” But his papa took it in his hand, and going to the side of his bed, said, “ Come, my dear boy, I have brought your medicine.” He replied, “ Oh, papa, it is very unpleasant. I had rather not take any more.”

“ ‘ Well, but surely you do not mean to say, that its being unpleasant, and your not choosing to take it any more, are sufficient reasons why you should not take it ?’ He replied, ‘ No, papa ; but I believe it will not do me any good.’ ‘ Well, my dear boy, but you must not set up your opinion against that of the doctor ; for you must think that the

papa, I will.' 'Then, my de
be very much pleased if yo
The words were scarcely ut
took it, and drank it off at a
When he saw his papa at
great grief, as they witnessed
he used to say, 'Do not you
do not suffer so much as you
a great deal; and you know
all over.'

"On the morning of the
(continues his papa,) "the d
completed his ninth year, he
ther, 'Mamma, I should like
day cake: this will be my las
I should like to send a bit of

divided the cake into small pieces, which he sent to different persons, saying, 'Give my love to them, and tell them it is my birthday cake, and that this is the last birth-day I shall ever have.'

"In the course of the day, he was exceedingly devout in his spirit, and spoke less than usual, being apparently absorbed in the contemplation of his approaching change. I left him early in the afternoon, to attend a missionary meeting, a few miles from Sheffield, and did not return till about nine in the evening. In my absence, however, the Lord had been with him, and had poured into his soul the most copious and ecstatic consolations of His Holy Spirit. He knew not for awhile how to give utterance to his feelings, until at length he said, 'My dear mamma, do come to me; do let me kiss you. I am so happy I know not what to do! God has done so much for me!'

"When I entered the room, he began by saying, 'Oh, papa, I am happy; I am very happy! I have often heard you speak of my

being born at Tiverton, and say how happy you were on that day ; but I think I am happier to day than you were that day. The day of my death will be better than the day of my birth. God loves me, and has pardoned my sins. Oh, papa, I am so happy ! I shall not want any pill to make me sleep to-night. I shall do very well now without medicine. Oh ! I shall very soon be in heaven ; and then I *shall* be happy ; then I shall be *quite* happy :’ and looking towards his mother, he said, ‘ No, mamma, this will soon be all over, and I shall be in heaven ; and oh ! how happy I shall be there ! *There* will be no unpleasant medicine ; no taking of pills to make me sleep ; no sleepless nights there, and wishing it were morning. Then I *shall* be happy ! I hope I shall meet you all in heaven !’ then, looking earnestly at me, he said, ‘ Papa, I am almost sure I shall meet *you* there.’ His elder brother standing weeping at the foot of the bed, he said to me, ‘ I hope you will take brother William with you into the circuit, and talk to him, and pray with him, as

you have done with me. You do not know what good it has done me !

“ His little sister was the next object of his pious solicitude. He began by speaking of certain childish foibles, to which she had been addicted ; pointing out the serious consequences of sinning against God. He then, as in the case of his brother, appealed to me, by saying, ‘ Papa, I hope you will talk to sister Marianne, and pray with her, as you have done with me.’

“ His mother said to him, ‘ My dear James, although I love you very much, yet now I see you so happy, I am almost willing to part with you ; but if you had not been prepared for heaven, your death would have been a different subject to me.’ He replied, ‘ Oh, yes, mamma ; but it is *not* so with me ; I am prepared ; God has been very good to me : I think He has been kinder to me than to anybody. Papa, *mine is an affecting case ; but at the same time, it is a glorious one.* Who would have thought that God would be so kind to such a little boy as I am ? I am

happy. Oh, I am very happy! *I wish you would tell other little boys how good the Lord has been to me ; perhaps it may do them good ; perhaps they may come to the Lord Jesus, and be happy also.* He then said, ‘ Papa, come sing for me ; and sing,

O disclose thy lovely face.’

And much as my feelings were excited, I thought it my duty to comply with his wishes ; so that I began to sing, and the dear child accompanied me ; with a feeble voice indeed, but with a more than equal devotion. I shall long remember the earnestness of his spirit, and the tears that fell from all present, while we sang,

‘ O disclose thy lovely face,
 Quicken all my drooping powers ;
 Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
 As a thirsty land for showers.’

“ When we had gone through the hymn, and every voice but his own was silent, he said, with great earnestness, and with a look

and manner that betokened the most confident expectation of future felicity,

‘Jesus smiles, and says, Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou !
Enter and receive thy crown,
Reign with me triumphant now.’

“ I was now afraid that his extraordinary efforts would quite exhaust his strength and spirits, and therefore requested him not to speak any longer. This required no little effort; but he complied, with the utmost cheerfulness, and laid down his head upon his pillow. After a short silence, however, he said to me, ‘Papa; I was thinking of my birth-day—I am nine years old to-day; and the world is nearly six thousand years old. Only nine years old, and yet this is my last birth-day! What a little age is mine, in comparison with the age of the world! It seems to me like nothing at all.’ I replied, ‘ Yes, my dear boy, but you will live after this world has been destroyed; and there will come a period in future duration, when your age will exceed the age of

but I cannot think what it is
ever. Eternity is a subject
prehend.'

"I sat up with him that
pecting that it would have been
such, I believe, were his opinion.
His mind seemed to be perfectly
the contemplation of that
every transient sleep, he was
thing about the happiness of
one occasion, he started up
said, 'Is *this* heaven?—*is* it
got to heaven? O, no. I think
in heaven.' He, however, survived
and was spared to us a little

"About a week afterward

possible he might continue two or three weeks.' 'Ah,' said the dear child, I was hoping you would say, only two or three days.' And in this respect the Lord was pleased to give him more than his desire; for early on the next morning but one, he was with Jesus in paradise.

"There was nothing in his symptoms, the following day, which might induce us to think that his end was so near. His dark eye sparkled with unusual animation; his intellect had all its native quickness and vivacity; and his conversation had the intelligence and interest of the conversation of a person in the highest health and vigour. In some respects, he resembled a dying patriarch, more than a child of nine years old.

"As a proof of his composure in the prospect of death, I might just notice," says his papa, "that in the course of this day, he said to his mother, 'Mamma, I was feeling at my hair,' (his head had been lately shaved,) 'and I think you might cut off a little on this side. You kept a lock of my sister's hair,

state of her mind, happening a boy, do you still hope that the done your sins ?" he replied, I do not call it *hope* ; it is more I *know* that the Lord has pardoned am happy ; very happy ! and I die now, I shall go to heaven

" On the following night, last, he rested tolerably well. morning, he desired to be taken to bed, and placed on the sofa, it seemed to be a great relief to him. He desired the nurse to go down for breakfast. She had, however, just left his room, when we heard his mother. As his voice appeared

could just look at me, and say, ‘Is this *death*, papa? Am I dying now?’ I replied, ‘Do not be alarmed, my dear child; only lift up your heart to God, and you will be with Him very quickly in glory.’ He said no more: his head fell gently upon his bosom, and his happy spirit, freed from pain and sorrow, entered at once into the joy of his Lord. As I stood and gazed upon his lifeless little body, his own words came fresh into my mind, which he spoke to his mother only a few days before his death.—‘Mamma,’ said he, ‘when my soul leaves my body, how long will it be in getting to heaven?’ But without waiting for a reply, he added, ‘A quarter of an hour? No; not a quarter of a minute: I shall be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.’

“No, my lovely little boy; angels have already carried thee into Abraham’s bosom. ‘And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed thee, and shall lead thee to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from thine eyes.’”

is the judgment."—HEB. ix. 27.

AND is it true, that I must die,
So young my life lay down ?
And must from earth my spirit fl
Into that world unknown ?

But, ah ! I am a sinful child,
By nature prone to ill ;
My temper proud, my passions
And unsubdued my will.

And shall I stand before the thr
Where sits the Judge severe ?
And all my naughty deeds made
Before the world appear !

What wrong I've done, (oh ! m

Is there no friend my cause to plead,
From wrath my soul to save ;
Alas ! I've sinned in word and deed :
How can I pardon crave ?

If there be mercy, Lord ! with thee,
Oh ! hear my piercing cry ;
Save me from wrath eternally,
And *thine*, oh, let me die !

Z.



CONVERSATIONS
BETWEEN
A CLERGYMAN
AND
HIS DYING CHILD.



CONVERSATION,

&c.

CONVERSATION I.

LUCY. Thank you, papa, for coming so soon when I sent for you. I hope you were not busy.

MR. P. No, my dear child, I was not busy; but even if I had been, it would still have given me great pleasure to have come to you. And now tell me what it is that you particularly wished to say to me this afternoon?

LUCY. Papa, I feel very ill, and ——

MR. P. And, what my dear?

LUCY. And I am afraid, from what the

doctor said, that I shall not recover; and this makes me so unhappy, that I sent to ask you to come and talk to me.

Mr. P. What is there in the thought of death that makes you unhappy? I thought you had often told me, that you hoped you loved the Lord Jesus, and would like to be always with Him.

LUCY. Yes, papa; I used to think so: but now death seems so near, I feel very much afraid, because I think that my sins are not forgiven me; and if that is the case, I have often heard you say, that no one can go to heaven.

Mr. P. How do you think, my dear, that your sins are to be forgiven you?

LUCY. I am sure, papa, that it cannot be for any thing I have done; for now, when I feel so near death, and look back on the years that I have spent, it seems as if every thing I had done had sin in it; even things that before I thought were very good.

Mr. P. True, my love; this is just what I wish you to feel; and it is those who feel

so, that Jesus says he comes to save. Do you remember the passage I refer to?

LUCY. Oh, yes, papa; you mean, "I am not come to call the righteous; but sinners to repentance."¹ Do not you remember, papa, a long time ago, preaching from that text? I shall never forget it. I never thought before what it was to be a sinner; and I was quite frightened when you showed how God looked at the heart, and saw all the wicked thoughts there: but then, when you came to what Jesus said, that he was come to save such, those who were so wicked, and not those who did not feel their need of Him, it made me long to go to Jesus; and after that evening, I used to pray and read the Bible very often; and I thought, after a time, that God heard my prayers, and that I was made his child, and I was so happy! I often longed to tell you all this when you have been talking to us, and especially after you had been praying with me alone in your study, (as you

¹ Matt. ix. 13.

you ; and if I could, I would
dear papa, for all your kind c
and prayers with me, which use
very much ; and often you said th
I wished you to say, even thou
not know my mind. And as this
case before, do tell me now whe
for all seems gone from me, and
deal of sin, without having the
once had) that it is taken away
makes me afraid to die.

Mr. P. I am indeed thankfu
child, that you have told me all
most gracious alleviation, which
given me, in the pang which
prospect of parting from my chi

God says. We often pray, and think that we are resting on his word and promises, when we are really doing far otherwise. We should go to God with as much confidence as you sent to me just now to come upstairs and see you. You knew that I would gladly come, though I had only left you half-an-hour before, and such should be our feelings towards our heavenly Father. We must not be satisfied to see the Bible full of promises, but we must say to each, this is for *me*; this is *mine*: and we must go to God, and feel that His promises are made for each one of us, as if there were none others who needed them. Then we shall have confidence in Him, that as to us the promise was made, so to us will be the answer. You must therefore, my dear Lucy, go to God as if you had never before gone to Him. Go, as for the very first time. Ask for the Holy Spirit to grant you His help, that as you look at the promises of God, you may think to yourself, this is a message for me; this promise was made for me; and would God have made it

Go, my child, in this way ; believing to you was the promise made, so to be the answer. He has sent you sage : " He will cast all their sins depth of the sea." Believe that it and on the strength of it, ask for ment ; and then will He remove the your sin for his own sake. Jesus this very purpose. " The Lord ha Him the iniquity of us all ;" and vites you to come to Him, as much said, " Come, Lucy P ——, you and heavy laden with your sins, come and I will give you rest " : C

are to ask for it, that he loves to hear his children cry unto Him; and you have his promise that he will not cast you out.

LUCY. Ah ! that is just what I want to feel ; that it is all for me ; it is what I used to feel, and it made me so happy ! Do you think I may take it to myself again, papa ?

MR. P. Yes, my love ; and you may do so ; because God has taught you to feel your need of this Saviour. “ The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.”¹ You are sick—sin-sick, and need the physician ; and feeling your need, you may ask Him to supply it, who has said, that he is “ able to save to the uttermost.”²

“ All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him :—
This He gives you.”

And if he has given you to feel your need of Him, be assured that he will not leave you, but will carry you on. It is the very end of Christ’s death to save sinners ; and if he has

¹ Luke, v. 31.

² Heb. vii. 25.

God is eternal life through .
Now, if Thomas, the gardener
sends James Dunn to do his
would have the wages ?

LUCY. James Dunn ; would

Mr. P. Certainly, my dear
here ; we had sinned, and were
wages for it. What were they

LUCY. Death, papa.

Mr. P. Yes ; but Jesus Christ
derful love, took our sin ; he
puted to him, or put to his ;
therefore, as he took our sin
also take ?

LUCY. Our wages, papa.

Mr. P. Yes ; our wages were

of having *wages*, we have a *gift* from God ; and what is that ?

LUCY. Eternal life.

MR. P. Yes ; eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord ; through Him, or by his taking our wages. So that, my dear Lucy, you see you have no cause for fear in the prospect of death. You know that you cannot save yourself, and you know that Christ can save you. Do not then disbelieve what he says to you ; but say, " Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." ¹ Pray to Him to cause you once more to feel, that you have received the unspeakable gift of eternal life from Him.

LUCY. I begin to feel, papa, since you have told me all this, that God will hear me again if I ask Him ; and I will try and pray to Him, for his Holy Spirit to teach me to ask for what I want, in the spirit of confidence which you have been speaking of.

MR. P. Do so, my dear ; and as I see you

¹ Mark, ix. 24.

in a wonderful manner. Do
Jane Wilmot ?¹

LUCY. O, yes, papa, very v
not in mamma's class in the
some years ago ?

Mr. P. Yes, she was. Y
mamma used often to grieve
say that she feared that she p
tion to what was said to he
seem to care about her soul,
any thing but vanity and foll

LUCY. I recollect her very
often said, that she had les
than of any in her class ; but
of her, papa ?

Mr. P. Yes, my dear ; I

go over and see her. I accordingly went this morning; I saw her. Oh, so changed; you would not know her again!—she is so pale and thin, but looking very happy. She told me, that though she had appeared to neglect the instructions she received at the Sunday-school, yet that she never forgot them; but that when she went to service she often thought of them; though her heart was then too foolish to pay proper attention to them. After being in service for a time, she was taken ill and went home. Her illness rapidly increased, and she is now within a few days of glory.

LUCY. Oh, papa, is it possible! and how does she feel?

MR. P. She told me, that when she was laid in her bed, she began seriously to think over what she had learnt at the Sunday-school, and to pray over it very much; and that God had heard her prayers and led her to Himself, and taught her by his Spirit; so that she is now in such a sweet state of mind, that it did me good to talk to her. She laments

that she needs nothing more
simply on Him to walk with
her through death. She inq
you, and for her old compa
she sent messages, which I p
ing to them at the Sunday-scho
day. They were chiefly to b
neglect their souls as she had
to "remember their Creator
their youth,"¹ and to express
felt in the prospect of death
not talk more; you are q
May the peace which fills the
fill yours also, my dearest I
you be enabled to rest in his
died for you and risen again

for talking to me now. It was just what I wanted, only I have not been able to speak to you before. I hope I shall be well enough for you to come and talk to me to-morrow.

Mr. P. I hope so indeed, my love; and as I purpose seeing Jane Wilmot again in the morning, I shall be able to tell you more of what she says. In the meanwhile, may God bless you, my child, with his presence and light, and enable you to "lay hold on eternal life," as your own portion and gift from Him. Peace be with you.

* * * * *

LUCY. Have you been in the
papa? I am very sorry that
when you came in, as I want to
so much.

MR. P. Yes, my love; I had
some time, but I was very glad
asleep, as I trust you will be made
by it.

LUCY. Oh, yes, papa; I do
thank you. So that I am more
to you, which I wish to do
strength, as I am much weaker
yesterday.

MR. P. I trust, my dear child,
that you will be better by this time.

like the same person. I now can believe that Jesus died for me; and having died, has taken away my sins; and this makes me happy in the prospect of death.

Mr. P. I am rejoiced to hear you say so, my child; for it is very different to what you expressed yesterday, when we talked together. What do you think has made such a change?

LUCY. Since you talked to me yesterday, papa, and especially when I laid awake in the night, I thought of what you had said; particularly that about prayer; and when I looked into my heart, I saw that it was quite true, that I had prayed without believing that I should have what I asked for; that I had neglected to ask for the aid of the Holy Spirit in prayer; and this had brought on all that deadness and coldness of which I told you. I therefore prayed to be taught to pray, and asked for the Holy Spirit to make me believe that I should have what God had promised. I found that my prayer was heard; for I had such pleasure in it that I

...ing after another, as if I had
to my dear, kind parents, as
for what I wanted.

Mr. P. And what particular
those which were brought to y
fulfilment of which you asked

LUCY. At first, papa, I see
member any one, except those
which you quoted to me, and
to: "Come unto me, Lucy I
will give you rest;" and I t
Christ mean that to me; papa
He did: and I tried to put my
prayer, and said, "Oh Lord
thou hast said, that those who
heavv laden go to thee f

own." And then it was put into my heart to think; Would Jesus have made papa tell me that yesterday, and would he have written in his word, and made me feel it to be what I wanted, if he had not meant it for me? I felt quite sure that he would not, and I thanked him for giving it to me. And then I remembered, or I ought to say, the Holy Spirit made me remember so many promises, which were such a comfort to me! and as they came to my mind I asked for help to believe them. I must tell you some of them. They seemed just made for me. There is that beautiful one; "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength: even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."¹ And again; "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out;"² and, "I come not to call

¹ Isaiah, xl. 29—31.

² John, vi. 37.

world to save sinners; besides
all of which were so comfortable
cause I thought, if God had
messages as those, he could do
nothing but love towards me;
enabled once more to believe that
I was so delighted, that I could
Him for his love to me till I
left.

Mr. P. This is joyful new
love; and I bless God for having
prayers on your behalf, and
enabled to believe the message
you. And now having, by the
of the Holy Spirit, been enabled
in these promises, you may be

wears, each one is linked to the other, and if you take hold of one link, you lift up the whole chain; and therefore you may come with boldness to the throne of grace, knowing that your Father is holding blessings in his hand which you have only to ask for;

“ And His power and grace are such,
None can ever ask too much.”

Have you, my child, any longer that fear of death which you spoke of yesterday?

LUCY. No, dear papa; I do not feel that fear I told you of then. All you said to me about Christ's taking our wages was brought to my mind, and I was helped to feel that it was *my* wages that He had taken; and that being the case, you know you said that we had a *gift* from God, which was eternal life.

Mr. P. True, my dear; and death will therefore be only the means of your entering into the full enjoyment of that gift, which has been already presented to you. It is sin; that is, the burden of unpardoned sin,

which gives death its sting ;¹ and when that is removed, the bitterness of death is past, as you find it to be now. You have indeed no cause for fear, for you are only going to sleep in the arms of your heavenly Father; and when you wake up, you will be with Him who loves you so tenderly, who has done so much for you, and has, while you were on earth, taught you a little of his love, that you might know it in all its breadth and fulness when you see Him as He is.²

LUCY. I feel it, papa; and I long to be with Him. I can say, because he has taught me by His Holy Spirit to say so, “ Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee;”³ and I long to love Him more and praise Him as I ought; but sometimes the thought of leaving you, my dearest papa and mamma, and all my kind friends, comes over me, and I feel as if I would rather stay.

Mr. P. And if *you* feel so, my beloved child, when you are on the threshold of

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 56. ² 1 John, iii. 2. ³ John, xxi. 17.

eternal happiness, what do you think must be *our* feelings in the thought of your leaving us. Oh, my child, if you knew what it costs your dear mamma and me, to see you fast hastening to the grave, to see all our care and watching in vain, to see our darling Lucy fading before our eyes, you would not wonder if, when you said just now, that sometimes you felt as if you had rather stay, that I exclaimed, Would God that you might! But these are not right feelings; and I do pray earnestly to say, with my whole heart; "The will of the Lord be done."¹ But do not let such thoughts sadden you, my dear Lucy. We shall soon meet again: one after another will have joined you:

"A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last."

You are going to your best friend; that Father from whom first came all the love we have been able to show you. You are going to the Saviour, who has been carrying you in

¹ Acts, xxi. 14.

sel, and is now waiting,
you can praise Him as you desire.

LUCY. When I think of all this
I cannot stay. I must go and tell
it. You will come soon. Yes,
and then we shall praise God to
how blessed that will be! Do
say me that sweet hymn about me
which the Sunday-school children

I.

Mr. P. "Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again—
In heaven we part no more.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful
When we meet to part no more

II.

All who loved the Lord below

III.

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
While on this earth below.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

IV.

Parents too shall meet above,
And our friends whom here we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

V.

O how happy we shall be !
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

VI.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

LUCY. Oh, joyful! joyful! How often
have I sung that ; but I never knew half its

death alone ?

Mr. P. No, my love; Jesus
you, will love you to the end
the power of Satan, or death,
else, to separate us from Him.
to you : " I will never leave you
you ;" ¹ and will He lead you
the river of death, and the
" Now, Lucy, you must walk
my child, He will walk with you
according to his own promise
passeth through the rivers,
thee, and through the water
overflow thee. For I am the
since thou wast precious in my

No, he says, "I *am* with you." He says again; "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."¹ Precious! He watches over them; He is careful over them in it; (as we are careful over any very precious thing, lest any should hurt it;) lest they should be hurt by the enemy of our souls, who knowing that it is his last moment, would be most anxious to get the soul back to his power: but it is too late; he can do nothing; he cannot hurt you, my child; because He who has conquered death and Satan, is standing by you to ward off all his attacks: therefore, fear not "Greater is He that is for you, than all they which be against you."

LUCY. Yes, papa, I believe it; it was only a feeling for a moment, which passed off. I do not doubt what you say: I believe that He will be with me.

MR. P. The feeling was one of those darts which Satan throws into the soul, and

¹ Psalm cxvi. 15.

mises and comforts, that his effort
in attempting to reach you; and
that you are leaning on One
even he must fly. So that if
dare not approach you; and
tries this way: he gets behind th
throws his darts; one has just
but you have been enabled to
this must teach you to use th
faith" continually, " wherewith
quench the fiery darts of the w

LUCY. It is such a pleasure
Christ has past through death
because then I think He knows
and just what I want.

MR. D. Yes my love: this is it

consolation ;”¹ for having experienced what death is, He knows how to give you just what you need : He knows how much you will want his support, and He will give it ; so that leaning your whole weight on Him, you may walk fearlessly on, and you will find, that as the “priests’ feet have touched the waters” they are rolled back, and you will go over dry shod. You remember the account to which I allude, of the passage of the Israelites over Jordan ?²

LUCY. O yes, papa ; dear mamma read it to me this morning, and told me that as the Israelites were taken through the river, so I should be also.

Mr. P. You will indeed, my child, and so will Jane Wilmot, whom I have again been to see. She is in the same sweet state of mind ; the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, fills her soul : she has not a

¹ Heb. vi. 18.

² Joshua, iii.

come away.

LUCY. Oh, that sweet voice !
hear it too : perhaps I shall be
Oh, come, Lord Jesus !

MR. P. And now, my child,
you for a short time; and I do so
fulness and joy, that your heaven
has heard your prayers and mine
you to know his love. He is calling
Himself. He is sending a guard
to Him. His own dear Son, who
such great things for you; who
quered all your enemies, has led
to Death, respecting you, " I will
her from the power of the grave.

consolation ;”¹ for having experienced what death is, He knows how to give you just what you need : He knows how much you will want his support, and He will give it ; so that leaning your whole weight on Him, you may walk fearlessly on, and you will find, that as the “priests’ feet have touched the waters” they are rolled back, and you will go over dry shod. You remember the account to which I allude, of the passage of the Israelites over Jordan ?²

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² Joshua, iii.





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